The Improvement ERA

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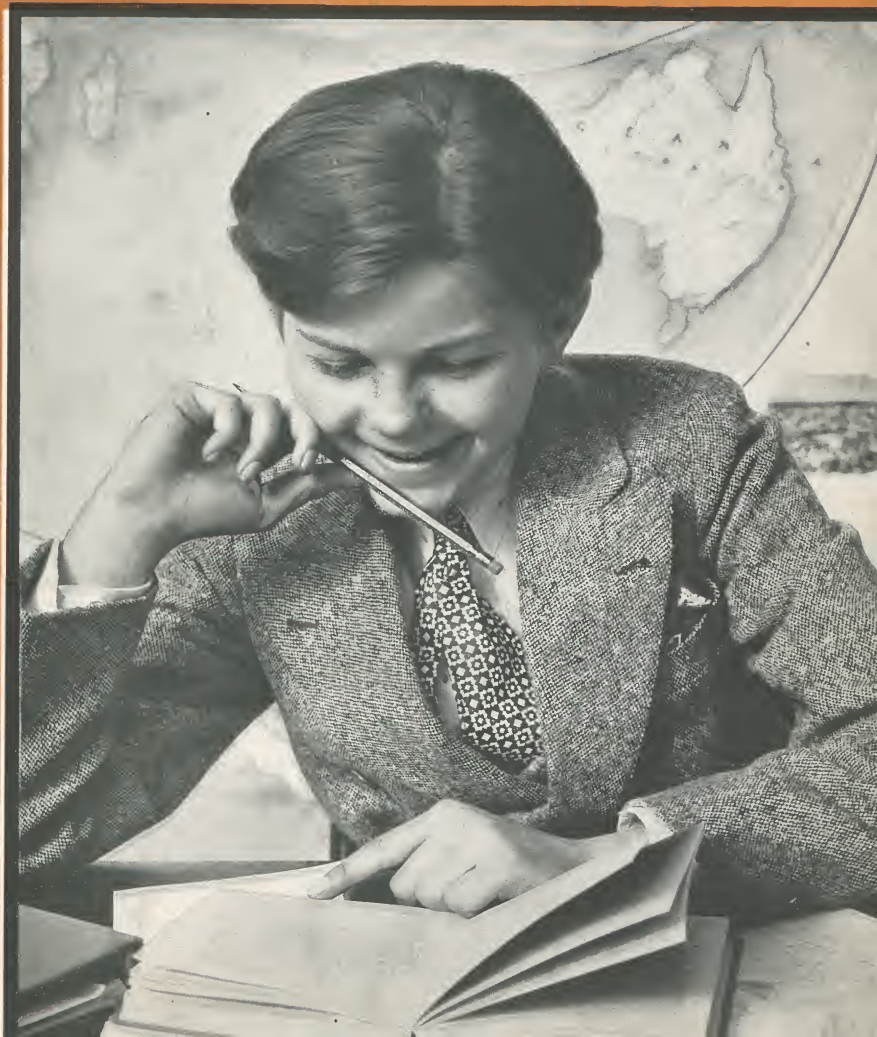

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FORECAST

BRYANT S. HINCKLEY is preparing a series of pen pictures of the First Presidency and Twelve. These will not be biographies but human interest stories of Church leaders whose lives are full of thrilling experiences. The subject of the first sketch will be President Heber J. Grant.

ANOTHER interesting parable from the pen of Dr. James E. Talmage will appear in the October number.

THE largest number of stories ever received by the *Era* in any of its prize contests resulted from our latest offer. Final decision has not yet been made, but the story awarded first place, written by one whose work has appeared in print, will be given a place in our next issue. The first prize story submitted by one whose writings have not appeared in print, will be announced later.

GRASSHOPPERS for Thanksgiving is the title of an interesting account of this recent plague in mid-western and western states. In some parts of Utah farmers have been destroying them by the ton, and in other places a pest has been put to practical use.

A NEW and interesting department will be introduced in the October *Era*—"The Right Thing At All Times." Adah H. Naylor, well known to readers through her "Foods for Health" column during the past year, is to have charge of the page each month, and she will point out in her clear, delightful way the advantages and joys of knowing what the "right thing" is on all occasions. Read her first article on good manners and you will find yourself watching eagerly for the next one.

THE New Education in Austria, by Mrs. Bertha S. Stevensen, is an instructive article on an educational movement which is attracting international attention. We are fortunate to be able to present it to our readers.

The Improvement ERA

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Organ of the Priesthood Quorums, the Mutual Improvement Associations and the Department of Education

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EDITORIAL

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The Story of Two Lamps

A Parable and Its Application

By

DR. JAMES E. TALMAGE
of the Council of the Twelve Apostles

Editors' Note: Reprinted from *The Improvement Era*, Vol. 17, No. 3; January, 1914. As so few, comparatively, of our present readers have access to old volumes of the *Era*, we feel justified in reprinting this excellent parable from the pen of Dr. Talmage. Like the Gospel itself, it will appeal to trained and untrained intellects.

AMONG the material things of the past—things that I treasure for sweet memory's sake and because of pleasant association in bygone days—is a lamp. It is of the Argand type, commonly known in the day of its popularity as the "Student's Lamp," so named in acknowledgment of its particular and peculiar suitability for the reader's table. Lamps of this kind were among the best in the long-ago. A very few years divide the long-ago from the present as measured in terms of improvement and progress. In the long-ago of which I speak, illuminating gas was known only in large cities or in pretentious towns with a history, and electric lights in dwellings was a rare novelty. Candles and oil lamps were the only common means of domestic illumination.

The lamp of which I speak, the student lamp of my school and college days, was one of the best of its kind. I had bought it with hard-earned savings; it was counted among my most cherished possessions. That type of lamp was provided with a small hollow wick, and had a straight cylindrical chimney, with a constriction near the base, where an enlargement adapted it to the burner. It was constructed in accordance with the best knowledge of the day. Its tubular wick, less than a fingerbreadth in diameter, with efficient air inlet at the bottom, insured fairly complete combustion with a minimum loss of energy through useless generation of heat. The oil reservoir was supported on an upright standard, removed by several inches from the place of combustion; and, in consequence, the holder cast no shadow upon printed page or writing tablet, provided, of course, the lamp was properly placed.

I took good care of my lamp. I had in it a pride such as the horseman feels in his favorite mount. He likes personally to groom and feed his steed, and so I allowed none but myself to trim the wick, burnish the chimney, and fill the reservoir of my lamp. When brightly burning, with its deep green opaque shade, brilliantly deflecting and reflecting beneath, it diffused a wholly satisfactory illumination upon my page; and, as I kept vigil night after night, through the late and early hours, my lamp came to be more than a mere physical illuminator—it was a sympathetic companion, an inspiration to mental and spiritual enlightenment. You who have been in stress and strife, you who have had to wrestle with difficulty and contend with seeming fate, you who have been blessed through all such taxing strain with a never-failing friend, an ever-present and ever-ready companion—you may know somewhat of the affection I felt and feel for my faithful lamp.

Compared with waxen candle and ordinary oil burning lamps it was of high efficiency. What matters it today that such a lamp is counted dim? It was the best I knew; it was excellent in its time. Do you ask how much light it gave? I can answer your query with precision, for as early as that time, in the long-ago, I was a student of science; and I had tested my lamp according to the laws of photometry in the improvised laboratory I had contrived. The light was of about twelve candle power, in terms of the generally recognized and standardized rating. It was brilliant in that period—in the long-ago, remember.

One summer evening I sat musing studiously and withal restfully in the open air outside the door of the room in which I lodged and studied. A stranger approached. I noticed that he carried a satchel. He was affable and entertaining. I brought another chair from within, and we chatted together till the twilight had deepened into dusk, the dusk into darkness.

Then he said: "You are a student, and doubtless have much work to do o'nights. What kind of lamp do you use?" And without waiting for a reply he continued: "I have a superior lamp I should like to show you, a lamp designed and constructed according to the latest achievements of applied science, far surpassing anything heretofore produced as a means of artificial lighting."

I replied with confidence, and I confess not without some exultation: "My friend, I have a lamp, one that has been tested and proved. It has been

to me a companion through many a long night. It is an Argand lamp, and one of the best. I have trimmed and cleaned it today; it is ready for the lighting. Step inside; I will show you my lamp, then you may tell me whether yours can possibly be better."

We entered my study room, and with a feeling which I assume is akin to that of the athlete about to enter a contest with one whom he regards as a pitiably inferior opponent, I put the match to my well-trimmed Argand.

My visitor was voluble in his praise. It was the best lamp of its kind he said. He averred that he had never seen a lamp in better trim. He turned the wick up and down and pronounced the adjustment perfect. He declared that never before had he realized how satisfactory a student lamp could be.

I liked the man; he seemed to me wise, and he assuredly was ingratiating. Love me, love my lamp, I thought, mentally paraphrasing a common expression of the period.

"Now," said he, "with your permission I'll light *my* lamp." He took from his satchel a lamp then known as the "Rochester." It had a chimney which, compared with mine, was as a factory smoke-stack alongside a house flue. Its hollow wick was wide enough to admit my four fingers. Its light made bright the remotest corner of my room. In its brilliant blaze my own little Argand wick burned a weak, pale yellow. Until that moment of convincing demonstration I had never known the dim obscurity in which I had lived and labored, studied and struggled.

"I'll buy your lamp," said I; "you need neither explain nor argue further." I took my new acquisition to the laboratory that same night, and determined its capacity. It burned at over forty-eight candle power—fully four times the intensity of my student lamp.

Two days after purchasing, I met the lamp-peddler on the street, about noontime. To my inquiry he replied that business was good; the demand for his lamps was greater than the factory supply. "But," said I, "you are not working today?" His rejoinder was a lesson. "Do you think that I would be so foolish as to go around trying to sell lamps in the daytime? Would you have bought one if I had lighted it for you when the sun was shining? I chose the time to show the superiority of my lamp over yours; and you were eager to own the better one I offered, were you not?"

Such is the story. Now consider the application of a part, a very small part, thereof.

"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father, which is in heaven."

The man who would sell me a lamp did not disparage mine. He placed his greater light alongside my feebler flame, and I hasted to obtain the better.

The missionary servants of the Church of Jesus Christ today are sent forth, not to assail or ridicule the beliefs of men, but to set before the world a superior light, by which the smoky dimness of the flickering flames of man-made creeds shall be apparent. The work of the Church is constructive, not destructive.

As to the further meaning of the parable, let him that hath eyes and a heart see and understand.

The Old Order Changeth

ONE of the overworked statements of present day conversation is to the effect that times have changed. People of advanced years declare the fact solemnly and with ominous head-shakings; those of middle age are more matter-of-fact about it, taking it as a not-too-unpleasant surprise; and youth is triumphant, for youth always thinks times should change, and glory in having a share of the changing.

Times *have* changed! That fact is evident to all who know anything at all about what times used to be. One needs only look about to be convinced. Automobiles instead of horse-drawn "buggies", traverse the thoroughfares; airplanes like birds wing the air; women vote, and even participate in government; long hair is no longer a crowning beauty, but a nuisance which will not go into the average hat, and, sometimes, a confession of a lack of courage; sideburns are scarce; and saloons have given place to beauty-parlors. These are a few of the many external changes, to which countless others might be added. On every hand are to be seen or heard changes which the times have brought and are bringing hourly.

Quite as important are other changes, not always visible or audible, which are making themselves felt in the life of today. Young people are experiencing these more definitely, perhaps, than are their parents and grandparents, and viewing them with less foreboding, and no fear that civilization is threatened because of them. Quietly, gradually have these other changes come, without the throb of motor or roar of whirling propeller, without the exhilaration of speeding through space or walking into an erstwhile forbidden ballot-booth. Slowly, almost unrecognized have they come, creeping into minds and hearts, and giving rise to new questions, new problems, new attitudes.

First, and perhaps a basic explanation of many of the others, is the change in the educational situation of today. Colleges are filled, whereas high-schools used to be half-empty. The time was, not long ago, when schools were institutions in which questions were answered; now they are places where questions are asked and the student, and life, left to give answer. Experiment analysis, debate and open forum, trial and mistake and retrial all have a part in the schooling of today, in place of the catechismal order of an earlier time; and following in the wake of these methods is an inevitable train of unsolved problems, unanswered queries.

Into recreation have changes come, also. The idea of extracting joy from a quiet afternoon on a hill with a book, or in peaceful contemplation of the clouds moving slowly across a blue sky; or in a garden with trowel and watering can has become dim by comparison with the newer notion of speed and snap, pep, thrill, jazz which has seized upon many and been thrust upon others. Going somewhere, doing something, getting into a merry, noisy,

lively crowd—this seems to be the slogan which offers fairer promise of fun than all the hills and clouds and gardens ever made.

The problems of today are not new problems, but they require a new method of solving; a method to counteract the answer to be found in dance-hall, joy-ride and skepticism. There is nothing hopeless about the change in the old order, for change is significant, often, of growth, progress, uplift.

The one great need is the realization of a common purpose, a single aim toward which all are working. With sympathy, love and tolerance, guided by prayer, the questions of today will find answer which will give promise for the morrow and eternity. In the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints are solutions to the problems which beset its members, young or old. In friendship and sincere spirit of cooperation and helpfulness the magazines of the Church hope to do their part in making both questions and answers clear.—*E. T. B.*

The Judgments of Today

A *GENTLEMAN* once called on President Lorenzo Snow and something like the following conversation ensued:

"President Snow, I am very much interested in the doctrines of your Church and particularly in the Book of Mormon. I have read it a number of times and believe it contains the truth. However, there is one thing which to me is inexplicable. Most of my studies have been along the line of transmission of sound, and I am something of an expert in that field. Now according to the Book of Mormon, Christ visited the Nephites and spoke to them in a voice which was neither harsh nor loud, but all of the multitude heard it. As one who knows something of sound waves, such a thing seems unnatural and impossible. A voice sufficiently loud to carry the waves to all the listeners would seriously injure the eardrums of those near by."

The venerable president put this question to his visitor: "In your scientific studies do you run across problems which you cannot answer?"

"Oh, yes, certainly," the man replied, "many of them."

"And there are questions pertaining to the Gospel which cannot be answered," President Snow candidly admitted. "Perhaps this is one of them. But I knew Joseph Smith intimately; I, too, have made a careful study of the Book of Mormon; and I have received a positive testimony from the Lord that the young prophet translated this book from the plates, just as he said he did, through power received from on high. Any question, therefore, which arises in my mind and which cannot be immediately answered is put aside, as your scientific problems are, until by thought and study and further revelation an explanation is found."

The Mystery Solved

Scarcely a score of years after this conversation, a Church member in Salt Lake City was asked to speak on the following Sunday in the Tabernacle. He wrote to his son in Los Angeles apprising him of the fact and suggested that he listen in. A number of friends had gathered in the son's home, for at the time radios were not so common as they are today, and as the voice of the speaker came clear and distinct into the room about eight hundred miles away, the son said, "That's my father speaking. I recognize his voice."

And yet the voice was neither harsh nor loud; neither were any eardrums injured.

The problem which was so mystifying to a man of science a few years ago, a problem for which no human experience could find an explanation, is today as simple as the alphabet.

Very frequently young people, and occasionally those of more mature years, are disturbed in their faith because there is an apparent conflict with the ideas of scientists which, according to human wisdom, are well demonstrated truths.

The attitude of President Snow was perfectly consistent. He knew that the Almighty had spoken and was willing to wait for detailed explanations of the things difficult to understand. Some narrow-minded scientists sneer at such a course. In this connection the words of Dr. Graham, of the University of Chicago, are interesting. In an inspiring lecture delivered at the B. Y. U. Summer School, he said: "A contempt for religion is a contempt for humanity."

Truth Indestructible

The Almighty has given many revelations both in ancient and modern times; but he expects his children to walk by faith and therefore gives them "line upon line; here a little and there a little." Consider the words of Peter: "We have also a more sure word of prophecy; whereunto ye do well that ye take heed, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawn, and the day star arise in your hearts."

In the words of the hymn, "God is his own interpreter, and he will make it plain."

An Age of Miracles

GENERAL JAMES G. HARBORD, president of the Radio Corporation of America, predicts marvelous things for electricity within the next decade or two. He has the following in Capper's Magazine for July:

"Let me picture a directors' meeting of the future: A great corporation whose directorate is scattered across the continent calls a meeting of the board by wire. The hour is named, switches go on and in an hour a quorum is obtained. To each man as he sits in the quiet of his own office come in turn the voices of his fellow directors. The discussion ends, a vote is taken and a copy of the proceedings is flashed to every member for signature. The facsimiles with the signatures are flashed back and the chairman adjourns the meeting.

He is speaking of the future, but the astounding achievements of the recent past make the most fantastic ideas appear plausible. When the human voice with all its inflections can be heard around the world, surely nothing is impossible once the law by which it is governed is learned.—*H. J. C.*

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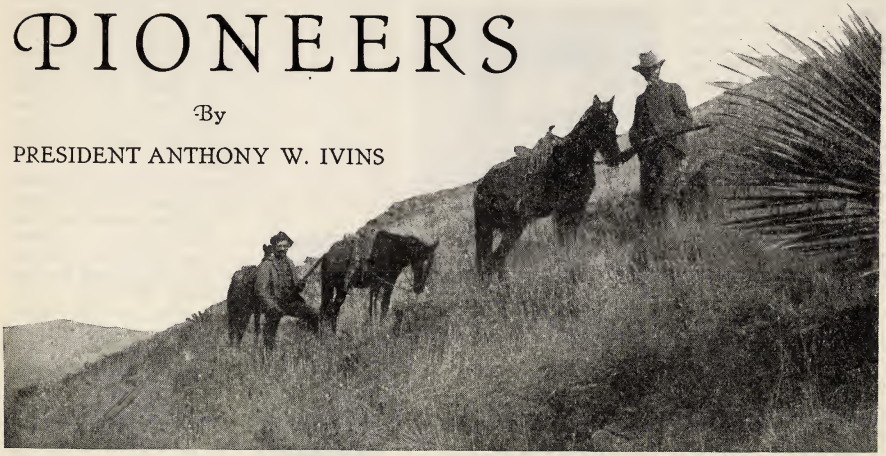
PIONEERS

By

PRESIDENT ANTHONY W. IVINS



Anthony W. Ivins and Mascot, (right) on the Torreon, Mexico

A PIONEER is one who goes before, blazes trails, removes obstacles and prepares the way, that those who follow after may travel over better and safer roads.

Roads made by men thread the world. We travel over them now on bands of steel, in luxurious motor cars or through the air. Only yesterday these roads were mere trails, blazed by fearless, intrepid men through unknown forests, across trackless deserts, or over snow-clad mountains. The romance and tragedy of these old trails, now so well known to us, will never be written or told. It cannot be, because the men and women who made unrecorded history along these devious ways, have long since gone to tread the paths of another and better world, leaving little of written history behind them.

The lure of gold, the lust of conquest, the unconquerable desire of man to penetrate unknown fields for new discovery, the devotion of a Jesuit priest, or friar of the order of San Francisco to carry the cross to the unconverted heathen, regardless of the sacrifice or danger involved, freedom from religious and political thraldom, are among the influences which have moved men to depart from the beaten paths and enter new and untried fields, whether it be in science, sociology, or the discovery and colonization of new and unknown parts of the earth's surface. It is the spirit of the pioneer which prompts finite man to reach out in his endeavor to penetrate the infinite.

Their First Home

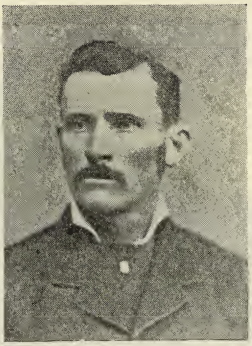
ON these old trails men have perished from thirst in summer, and from cold and lack of food in winter; have been massacred by savages, have killed each other for possession of the precious fluid contained in the water holes scattered along the way, and have murdered for the gold taken from the hills through which the trails passed.

Young men and maidens have plighted their faith as they traveled over them, mothers have given birth to children, and holy men have sacrificed their lives for religion's sake. No one can

tell the story, as time and fate have recorded it.

MY parents, and I was with them, consumed 128 days in the journey from New Jersey, my place of birth, to the Salt Lake valley. The distance can now be covered with ease in less than one day. Our pioneering began upon our arrival, and continued during the entire life of my parents and the greater part of my own life.

Our family were just comfortably located at Salt Lake City when at the October conference, 1861, my father with others, was asked to go into Southern Utah to settle the country now known as Utah's Dixie. My father immediately disposed of our home, located where the Oregon Short Line depot now stands, bought two yoke of oxen, a heavy prairie schooner, a light one horse wagon, and with this outfit we started for Dixie.



A. W. Ivins and his Bride

THE journey was slow and tiresome, but so new and interesting that I greatly enjoyed it, and the fates decreed that notwithstanding the fact that I was only in my ninth year, my entire life was to be influenced by the following simple and unexpected occurrence:

We were camped at Chicken Creek lake. A few wagons passed us and camped a little farther down the road. The following morning a span of mules belonging to the party ahead were grazing with our animals. I walked down the road to the place where our neighbors were camped and asked a man who was preparing a harness, if he had lost any mules? He smiled and said, "No." As I stood by the wagon tongue, conversing with the man, a little girl walked up on the opposite side of the tongue and from under a blue sun-bonnet looked at me, and I looked at her. I was thrilled with her beautiful brown eyes and could not forget them. When we reached the St. George valley there were but two wagons camped there, William Fawcett and Robert Thompson had arrived before us. We pitched our tents, and the following day a number of other teams arrived, among them the people who had been camped near us at Chicken Creek. I again saw the little brown-eyed girl. She was the daughter of Erastus Snow, the father of Utah's Dixie. I continued to see her until we had grown to man and womanhood when she became my wife. She is with me still, the same sweet girl that she was at Chicken Creek. She has shared with me the dangers, trials and privations of pioneer life. No other has, or can ever take her place.

When Pres. Ivins selected this spot for his home in Mexico, it was a stony, barren place. Every blade of grass, every shrub and tree seen in the picture was planted by him. The house was built under his personal direction.

A Pioneer Honeymoon

AT the time of our marriage we had no home and no money with which to buy one. We needed furniture to begin housekeeping, and Salt Lake City was the nearest place where these necessities could be obtained. We raised peaches in Dixie, and the gold miners of Idaho and Montana were hungry for fruit; they wanted our peaches, and we wanted their gold.

I hitched up my team of horses, filled the wagon box with dried peaches, spread hay over them, then a mattress upon which we made our bed and started for Salt Lake. We found a ready market for the dried peaches, bought the necessary household furnishings and returned home.

In storm or fine weather we camped along the way, the same road we had traveled as children, and enjoyed the trip. The following incident illustrates the idea which many people entertained regarding the "Mormon" pioneers at the time.

THE day we reached Cedar City, on our return, a heavy snow had fallen and the weather was bitterly cold. We drove to the hotel conducted by Bishop Henry Lunt and secured accommodations for the night. The bishop was also postmaster and kept the stage station. The coach was late because of the storm, and we waited dinner for its arrival. When it rolled in, a single passenger alighted, and walked into the sitting room. He was a small man, wore a derby hat, a doeskin jacket which fit tightly, doeskin trousers and heavy English shoes. In his hand he carried an old fashioned carpet bag which he set down on the floor, and drew up a chair in front of the fire. Mrs.

Lunt came in and said:

"We have been waiting supper for you, would you like to wash before you eat?"

"No," he replied, "It's a warm I want, not a wash."

After he had warmed himself he came into the dining room and told us his name was Timothy Quirk, that he was just from college at Belfast, and on his way to Silver Reef to see his brother Mike. He had experienced many adventures since leaving home. He said:

"When I reached Salt Lake City I had not a cint in me pocket, and I just went into a place where it said Deseret Telegraph over the door, and wrote on a piece of paper, 'Mike, I'm here and have no money,' and begorra it wasn't two hours till the money was there from Silver Reef, and how the divil they did it I can't tell. And during those two hours I walked the streets of Salt Lake about in the hope that I might see a 'Mormon.' They told me they lived there, but divil a one could I see."

He then whispered to me: "I found out afterwards that they had them all shut up in the palace."

"When your brother Mike wrote you did he tell you anything about 'Mormon' bishops?" I asked.

"Sure he did," he replied, "and he didn't tell me anything good about them either."

"Well," I said, "the gentleman to whom you are talking, the proprietor of the hotel is a 'Mormon' bishop. This young lady, the telegraph operator, is his daughter, she is a 'Mormon;' this lady is my wife, she is a 'Mormon,' and I am a 'Mormon'." He stared at me for a moment, then slapping his hands on his knees laughed as though his sides would split.

"Do you think you can come that over me now?" he said. "Do you think I'm as aisy as that? Do you think I'd schlape in the house of a 'Mormon' bishop? I'd rather go out and schlape in the snow first."

"How did you get along with the stage driver?" I asked.

"Fine," he replied. "He's a fine fellow, is the stage driver."

"He is a 'Mormon' too," I said.

He shook his head, and said, "Divil a bit of it. I wouldn't ride a step wid a 'Mormon' stage driver, I'd rather walk iviry step of the way to Silver Reef first."

He left on the stage the following morning, as unconverted as he came, still looking for a "Mormon."

A FEW weeks later I met him at Silver Reef and said, "Well, Tim, have you seen any 'Mormons' yet?"

"Oh, go way," he replied, as he gave me a push, "the woods are full of them, and th're divilish fine people. Why they have pigs, and coos, and chickens just as we have at home."

Since the time referred to the girl with brown eyes and I have driven over the old trail in our own Packard car (paid for) and paid our respects to the old camping places, thankful that we were not obliged to sleep in a covered wagon.

When the pioneers entered the territory now known as Utah's Dixie, it was a barren, inhospitable part of the great west, the hunting ground of the Ute, the Pahute and Navajo, and when these people saw the white man come, with our covered wagons and plows, our flocks and herds to eat their grass, and our civilization to frighten away the game which abounded, they naturally resented our encroachment. Eternal vigilance was the price of safety and even then we were never safe.

MANY tragedies came into our lives because of the determination of these people to drive the white invader from their country. Among these was the death of J. M. Whitmore, father of George Whitmore, late of Nephi, and Robert McIntire, brother of the late Samuel and William McIntire of Salt Lake City, who were killed at Pipe Springs, where they were engaged in ranching; the killing of the two Berry brothers, and the wife of one, who was about to become a mother, at Short Creek; the death of Franklin B. Woolley, killed on the Mojave river, as he was returning from California with supplies for the people of St. George; the tragic death of the two Howland brothers and Dunn, three members of Major Powell's party who first passed through the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. All of these people, and others, were killed by Indians.

There were other dangers besides Indians—for instance, the death of James Davidson, his wife and son, who perished from thirst on a road with which they were not familiar, on the desert between St. George and the Muddy valley. This family was related to the late L. H. Farnsworth.

Food and clothing were indispensable, and these could be obtained from cultivation of the soil and from our flocks and herds. They gave us food with which to sustain our bodies, clothing with which to cover them. Our flocks and herds, therefore, became our most cherished possession, and like Israel of old we became a pastoral people. Little attention could be given to the professions and other occupations by which men now accumulate wealth.

AMONG the first acts of a pioneer colony was the establishment of a place of worship, and a public school.

Our principal medium of credit and exchange was produce. Money was rarely seen, as the following incident will show:

We decided to establish a cotton factory, for the purpose of providing the cloth, so indispensable for clothing. A train of teams was assembled to bring the machinery from Salt Lake. I drove a team of horses, while Sam Allen drove

just behind me with a team of mules. The second day out Sam came up to my wagon and said:

"Tone, can I borrow your whip for a few moments? Dad's sent me out with these mules, and no whip, I want to wake them up."

"I handed him a new black-snake whip which I had just purchased, and he woke the mules up in great shape. He came up to the side of my wagon and said:

"Tone, what'll you take for this whip?"

I told him I had just paid three dollars for it, and if he needed it, he could have it for that price. He put his hand in his pocket and pulled out a handful of silver, looked at it a moment, and reaching out his hand said:

"Here, take three dollars out of this. D—— if I know how much money is, but I guess I could tell by looking at it quite a while. I've got a hull lot of it here that Dad gave me for expenses. I have to buy a hat and pair of shoes when we come to a store, and the rest's for expenses."

I TOOK three dollars from his hand and he put the balance back in his pocket. A few days later we camped in the outskirts of Beaver, and after the teams were cared for Sam went up to the store to buy a pair of shoes. He returned looking very much troubled.

"What's the matter, Sam?" I said. "Didn't they have any shoes?"

"Yes," he replied, "they had shoes, and they was just what I wanted. I asked the man up there how much they was, and he said three dollars. I asked him how much they was in greenbacks, and he said three dollars. I asked him how much they was in silver. He said three dollars. I guess the — fool thought I didn't know that silver was worth more than greenbacks."

I explained that there was no difference in the value of silver and greenbacks. He returned to the store and came back happy with his new shoes.

Our only means of transportation was by team and wagon, or on horseback. The covered wagon gave protection from the storms while we moved from place to place, and when at home the wagon box was removed to serve as bed room.

DURING the summer months, trips were made to Salt Lake, our nearest point where supplies could be acquired. During the winter months the road to California could be traveled in safety, and we went there for merchandise. The ethics of the road required the team going down hill to give the road to the one coming up, or if one team was traveling empty the driver was expected to give the road to the loaded team.

These rules were not always adhered to and as a consequence we kept a good team and fighting driver in the lead. In local travel to Pioche and other mining camps, Sanpete was the boss of the road. They produced grain in Sanpete, the boys drove fat horses and good wagons, while Dixie teams were not so well fed. What Dixie lacked in other respects it made up in fighting spirit. J. H. was our fighting leader.

AS a few teams were going down Circle Valley Canyon on one occasion, Jim, some distance ahead, met a boy coming up the road.

"Are you going to get out and give me the road," demanded Jim.

"No," replied the boy. "You are coming down, you should get out and give me the road."

"If you don't get out and give me the road, I'll get down and take it out of your hide," said Jim.

As the rest of us came down the canyon a few minutes after, we met the boy coming up. A little

farther on we found Jim sitting by the creek washing a bad looking face.

"What's the matter, Jim?" one of the boys asked.

"Oh, nothin' much," replied Jim. "I just made a little mistake in judgment. That's all."

After the Civil War, the question of slavery having been disposed of, the congress turned its attention to the abolition of polygamy. Under the administration of President U. S. Grant bills were introduced in congress providing for the suppression of plural marriage, which created no little concern among the members of the dominant Church.

I was working in the hay-field at the time, and on the opposite side of the windrow worked a man whose name was Hans Jacobson. Hans stopped, and leaning on his hayfork, said:

"Tony, is General Grant president of the whole world?"

"No," I replied, "he is president of but a small portion of it."

He continued: "I've been wondering if there aint some place where we could go, where he wouldn't be president; this here polygamy question looks mighty serious to me."

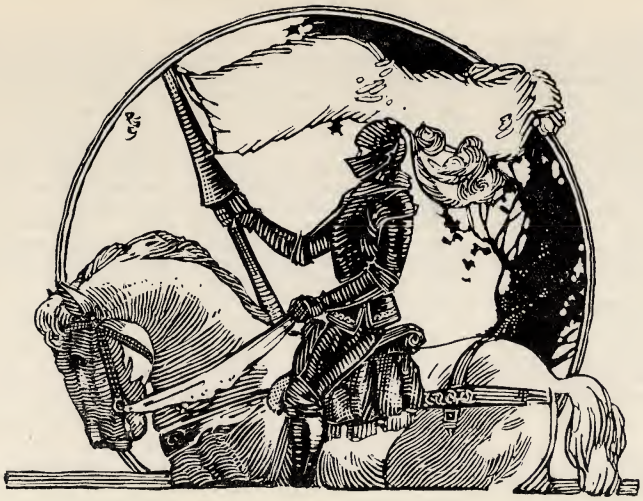
I EXPLAINED to him that Mexico was but a short distance to the south of us, and we might go there.

"I expect that if we went to that country the Mexicos would be after us just the same," he remarked. I then proceeded to tell him something of the great nations of the Old World, and explained what a numerous people occupied Europe, over whom President Grant exercised no jurisdiction.

We worked on a few minutes when Hans again stopped and leaned on his hay-fork. He said: "Tony, it looks to me like the best thing we can do will be to go to Europe, and get away from General Grant, but I expect it would take us a d—— long time to get there with our scrub teams, wouldn't it?"

"Yes, Hans," I replied, it would take a long time." I concluded further explanation would be fruitless.

[*Continued on page 672*]



Greatness in Men

By
BRYANT S. HINCKLEY
President of Liberty Stake

IF you were called upon to select a dozen great men from all the distinguished people of the past, whom would you place on the highest pedestals in your hall of fame? What would be your guide in selecting these men? There would be no hesitancy about some —you would debate long about others. Why? Because you cannot measure the intangible qualities of character by material standards. Neither the metric system nor the most delicate scale of the apothecary nor the most painstaking and accurate laboratory test can reveal moral values. Still we believe that these qualities are measurable. Not that any hard and fast rule can be laid down by which you can say this man is great and this one is not, but there are definite types of manhood which no one can seriously mutilate and be classed among those of enduring greatness.

This brings us squarely to the issue.

What is human greatness?

What are its types?

What is the explanation?

These are common questions, easy to ask but difficult to answer.

ELBERT HUBBARD in one of his "Little Journeys" asks this question: "Who is the great man?" and proceeds to say: "Listen and I will tell you. * * * He is great who inspires others to think for themselves, he is great who pulls you out of your mental ruts, lifts you out of the mire of the commonplace. * * * He is great to whom writers, poets, painters, philosophers, preachers and scientists go, each to fill his own little tin cup, dipper, calabash, vase, stein, pitcher, amphora, bucket, tub, barrel or cask."

In "Twelfth Night" Shakespeare says: "Some men are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them."

Here are two definitions: Hubbard limits his definition to men of great personal influence. Shakespeare's definition has become commonplace. The third statement, "some have greatness thrust upon them," is true but it does not make those upon whom it is thrust great. There are many men of fortunate fame who are not really great men.

MAY we say, however, that one of the deciding factors, an indispensable factor, in making this selection would be that attribute of the soul which we commonly designate as righteousness. In our conception a man cannot be truly great who is not good.

"There are some men and women in whose company we are always at our best, while with them we cannot think mean thoughts or speak ungenerous words. Their presence elevates and inspires us. All our best nature is drawn out by the intercourse and we find music in our souls that never was there before." (Dr. Drummond)

Contact with great souls is the contagion the world most needs. An inwardly triumphant and victorious personality is the supreme achievement. Back of all enduring greatness is that human quality symbolized by the word service.

THERE is no pursuit more fascinating than the study of greatness in men and certainly none

more fundamentally important. The discovery and development of great men is incomparably greater than the discovery and development of gold mines or anything else in the realm of the material unless it in turn contributes to this very end. Growth in character is the objective of all social and individual effort. Men who idealize democracy are, after all, hero worshipers, and they ought to be—not that they fawn and pay servile homage to men, but rather because they feel a generous pride that human faculties and forces can be raised to such noble heights, pride in the demonstration that man has in him sublime possibilities, that his spirit touched with the power of genius can rise to such great altitudes.

Thomas Carlyle has written most inspiringly about this great theme. He held a sanctified ideal of man, maintaining that he is a visible revelation of God. He said: "There is but one Temple in the Universe and that is the body of man," and this is typical of much that he said. Any defacement of his ideal called forth, as nothing else could, the torrents of his wrath and scorn. With matchless eloquence he preached sincerity and genuineness. He said again and again, "Sincerity, a deep, great sincerity is the first characteristic of all men in any way heroic."

THE fierceness with which he assails all forms of sham and pretense stirs and delights one. In all this Carlyle is great, incomparably great, but, strange to say, when he selects the men who seem to challenge his admiration most the qualities about which he discourses so eloquently are not altogether predominant in them. He seems to applaud unduly the "rough and dictatorial energy so much adored by the mob." He loves most of all the dictators, the hard fighters, the rough and physically courageous. He displays less admiration for the men distinguished for the quieter but, after all, more far-reaching forces.

If a man of Carlyle's genius and capacity seems to err in the selection of men who might be entitled to a place among those of recognized greatness, how about the rest of us? Would it not be advantageous to establish, if possible, some standards by which to guage the capacity of men so that one might discriminate between those who may be only impressive and extraordinary and those who are essentially great?

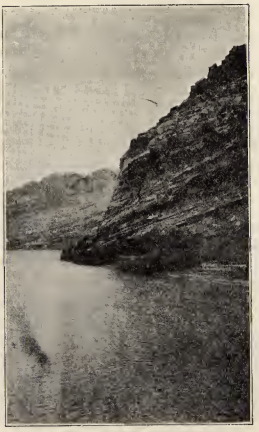
SOMETIMES the commendable and the contemptible, the noble and the ignoble, are so mixed that the bad neutralizes the good in a way to render a man altogether admirable in some respects and totally unworthy in other respects. A man may be impressively large of scale, both morally and immorally, and his place among the notables of the world will depend entirely upon the accent given to the moral side. Mankind enjoys a diversity of gifts and endowments. One may be exceptionally endowed but if there is not greatness in the endowment there is no magic by which it can make its possessor great.

J. N. Larned in his stimulating book, "Study of Greatness in Men" has thoughtfully considered this question and formulated some principles of judgment by which to make comparisons between the heroes of mankind. He lays down the following standards by which to measure the worth of men:

(1) The ethical or moral
(2) The rational or purely intellectual
(3) The dynamic or energetic

and proceeds to say:

"The first of these groups takes in all that gives a moral quality to character and conduct; the second includes reason and imagination with whatever acts in the mind toward the operation of both; in the third we place such forces of feeling and volition as energize human action by ardors and enthusiasms, by possessions and desires, by resolutions and will." The person who is conspicuously deficient in any of these three essentials cannot qualify in the class of the really great.



A LITTLE reflection will show clearly that the factors which rate highest are the moral and intellectual, the factors of energy are only important as servants of the others. One may be great in intellect, great in dynamic energy and still fall far short of being really great. One must be actuated by large and unselfish motives, his powers must be devoted to great objectives. The ends which he seeks must have the approval of the public conscience and contribute to the common good.

The character of the man and the forces which motivate his actions must be taken into consideration in determining the class to which he belongs. These three conditions are needful in the making of great men:*

1. Great Endowments
2. Great opportunity for the exercise and demonstration of these endowments
3. Great motives and purposes in the use of the endowments so that they are not wasted on trifling or vicious things

THERE is no mysterious process by which a pigmy can be transformed into a giant. Men of inferior capacity do not do things of the first magnitude. Large endowments are prerequisite to large achievements. A field rifle cannot cover the range of the higher powered guns, it hasn't the capacity. The really great man must be morally great, intellectually superior and possessing the dynamic energy necessary to carry forward successfully great enterprises.

Referring briefly to the second of these—the opportunity to demonstrate one's ability—it is possible that many men of potential powers are never discovered. Per-

[*Continued on page 672*]

The Law of Chastity

By JOSEPH FIELDING SMITH
of the Council of the Twelve

Let virtue garnish thy thoughts unceasingly; then shall thy countenance wax strong in the presence of God; and the doctrine of the priesthood shall distil upon thy soul as the dews from heaven.—D. C. 121:45.

THERE is no ordinance connected with the Gospel of Jesus Christ of greater importance, of more solemn and sacred nature, and more necessary to the eternal joy of man, than marriage. Yet there is no principle which has been made the butt of coarser jokes, a greater jest by the vulgar and the unclean, and even by many who think themselves refined, than that of marriage.

Marriage is a principle which, when entered, presents more serious problems than any other. It should be received in the spirit of patience and love, even that greater love which comes through the power of the Holy Spirit. Nothing will prepare mankind for glory in the kingdom of God as readily as faithfulness to the marriage covenant. Through this covenant, perhaps more than any other, we accomplish the perfect decree of the Divine will, but this covenant is only one of many required of man who seeks to do the will of the Father.

IF properly received this covenant becomes the means of the greatest happiness. The greatest honor in this life, and in the life to come, honor, dominion and power in perfect love, are the blessings which come out of it. These blessings of eternal glory are held in reserve for those who are willing to abide in this and all other covenants of the Gospel. Others shall not be so blessed. Marriage is the grandest, most glorious and most exalting principle connected with the Gospel. It is that which the Lord holds in reserve for those who become his sons and daughters; all others are servants only, even if they gain salvation. They do not become members of the household of our Father and our God if they refuse to receive the celestial covenant of marriage.

The abuse of this ordinance has been the primary cause of the downfall of nations. When the sacredness of the marriage covenant is lost, and the vows are broken, destruction is inevitable. This principle cannot be received in the spirit of contempt and indifference. It is ordained to be more, far more, than a civil contract. No nation can survive the abuse of this principle. Rome, Greece, Babylon, Egypt, and many other nations owe their downfall to the breaking of the sacred covenant of marriage. The anger of a just God was kindled against them for their immorality. The bones of dead civilizations on this American continent bear silent but convincing evidence that it was unchastity and the disregard of this sacred covenant which brought them to their final judgment.

NOTHING should be held in greater sacredness and honor than the covenant by which the spirits of men—the offspring of God in the spirit—are privileged to come into this world in mortal tabernacles. It is through this principle that the blessing of immortal glory is made possible. The greatest punishment ever given was proclaimed against Lucifer and his angels. To be denied the privilege of mortal bodies forever is the greatest curse of all. These spirits can have no progress, no hope of resurrection and eternal life! Doomed are they to eternal misery for their rebellion! And then to think that we are not only privileged, but commanded to assist our Father in the great work of redemption by giving to his children, as we have obtained these blessings for ourselves, the right to live and continue on even to perfection! No innocent soul should be condemned to come into this world under a handicap of illegitimacy. Every child has the *right* to be well born! Every individual who denies them that right is guilty of a mortal sin.

The importance of these mortal tabernacles is apparent from the knowledge we have of eternal life. Spirits cannot be made perfect without the body of flesh and bones. This body and its spirit are brought to immortality and blessings of salvation through the resurrection. After the resurrection there can be no separation again, body and spirit become inseparably connected that man may receive a fulness of joy. In no other way, other than birth into this life and the resurrection, can spirits become like our eternal Father.

SINCE the kingdom of God is built upon the foundation of marriage and the unity of the family circle, there can be no satisfaction where the family circle is broken. Every soul is entitled to the right to come into this world in a legitimate way—in the way the Father has willed that souls should come. Whosoever takes a course contrary to this is guilty of an almost irreparable crime. Is there any wonder, then, that the Lord places the violation of this covenant of marriage and the loss of virtue, as second only to the shedding of innocent blood? Is there not, then, sufficient reason for the severity of the punishment which has been promised to those who violate this eternal law? Moreover, *have we not forgotten in large measure the enormity of the crime of unchastity, and breaking of marriage vows?* Do those who are guilty think the enormity of the offense of maliciously or wickedly tampering with the laws of life, will be overlooked by a just God? Do they think that only a *few stripes*, if any punishment at all, will amend this broken law? The demand for personal purity is made by the Church upon both men and women, equally. There is no double standard of judgment. "If purity of life

is neglected," President Joseph F. Smith once said, "all other dangers set in, upon us like the rivers of water when the flood gates are opened." Sexual impurity is a most deadly sin. Anciently it was considered so, and according to the law of God, those who were guilty were in danger of being put to death. There are sins unto death, John informs us, and this is one of them: Said John:

If any man see his brother sin a sin *which is not unto death*, he shall ask, and he shall give him life for them that sin *not unto death. There is a sin unto death*: I do not say that he shall pray for it.

All unrighteousness is sin: and there is a sin not unto death.—I John 5:16-17.

Murder, the shedding of innocent blood, is a sin unto death, and Alma taught Corianton that unchastity was second only to murder. These are his words:

Know ye not, my son, that these things are an abomination in the sight of the Lord; yea, most abominable above all sins save it be the shedding of innocent blood or denying the Holy Ghost?—Alma 39:5.

PRESIDENT JOSEPH F. SMITH commenting on this teaching has given us this instruction:

We accept without reservation or qualification the affirmation of Deity, through an ancient Nephite Prophet: For I, the Lord God, delight in the chastity of women. And whoredoms are an abomination before me: thus saith the Lord of Hosts.—Jacob 2:28.

We hold that sexual sin is second only to the shedding of innocent blood in the category of personal crimes; and that the adulterer shall have no part in the exaltation of the blessed. * * *

He that looketh on a woman to lust after her, or if any shall commit adultery in their hearts, they shall not have the Spirit, but shall deny the faith.—*Improvement Era* 20:738.

We are not here to practice immorality of any kind. Above all things, sexual immorality is most heinous in the sight of God. It is on a par with murder itself, and God Almighty fixed the penalty of the murderer at death. Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed. Furthermore, he said that whosoever committeth adultery should be put to death. Therefore, we raise our voices against sexual immorality, and against all manner of obscenity.—*Gospel Doctrine*, p. 291.

PRESIDENT BRIGHAM YOUNG was also very emphatic in his denunciation of this evil, and I feel that we cannot be too emphatic in denouncing it. It is very prevalent and a universal evil. The world is fast coming to its destruction because of it. "Learn the will of God," said President Young, "keep his commandments and do his will, and you will be a virtuous person." How wonderful is the peace and the joy which fills the soul of the virtuous person! How terrible are the torments of the unvirtuous! They shall have no place in the first resurrection. When the final judgment comes they are they who remain "filthy still." They cannot enter the Holy City, they are the "dogs, and sorcerers, and whoremongers, and murderers, and idolaters, and whosoever loveth and maketh a lie," who are cast out.

President Young further said:

The defiler of the innocent is the one who should be branded with infamy and cast out from respectable society, and shunned as a pest, or, as a contagious disease, is shunned. The doors of respectable families should be closed against him, and he should be frowned upon by all high-minded and virtuous persons. Wealth, influence and position should not screen him from their righteous indignation. His sin is one of the blackest in the calendar of crime, and he should be cast down from the high pinnacle of respectability and consideration, to find his place among the worst of felons.—*Discourses*, p. 300.

WHEN man was first placed upon this earth he was given the commandment to "be fruitful and multiply." No more important commandment was ever given to man, for, through honorable marriage are the spirits brought to earth. "There are multitudes of pure and holy spirits waiting to take tabernacles; now what is our duty?" said President Young. Then he answered his question thus: "To prepare tabernacles for them; to take a course that will not tend to drive those spirits into the families of the wicked, where they will be trained in wickedness, debauchery, and every species of crime. It is the duty of every righteous man and woman to prepare tabernacles for all the spirits they can." *Discourses* 456.

Instructing the mothers of the Church, President Joseph F. Smith said in June, 1917:

I regret, I think it is a crying evil, that there should exist a sentiment or a feeling among any members of the Church to curtail the birth of their children. I think that is a crime wherever it occurs, where husband and wife are in possession of health and vigor and are free from impurities that would be entailed upon their posterity. I believe that where people undertake to curtail or prevent the birth of their children that they are going to reap disappointment by and by. I have no hesitancy in saying that I believe that is one of the greatest crimes of the world today, this evil practice.—*Relief Society Magazine*, 4:314.

WHEN young people marry and refuse to fulfill this commandment given in the beginning of the world—and just as much in force today—they rob themselves of the greatest eternal blessing. If the love of the world and the wicked practices of the world mean more to a man and a woman than to keep the commandment of the Lord in this respect, then they shut themselves off from the eternal blessing of increase. Those who wilfully and maliciously design to break this important commandment shall be damned. They cannot have the spirit of the Lord. Small families is the rule today. Husbands and wives refuse to take upon themselves the responsibilities of family life. Many of them do not care to be bothered with children. Yet this commandment given to Adam has never been abrogated or set aside. If we refuse to live by the covenants we make, especially in the house of the Lord, then we cannot receive the blessings of those covenants in eternity. If the responsibilities of parenthood are wilfully avoided here, then how can the Lord bestow upon the guilty the blessings of eternal increase? It cannot be, and they shall be denied such blessings.

Who am I, saith the Lord, that have promised and have not fulfilled?

I command and men obey not; I revoke and they receive not the blessing.

Then they say in their hearts: This is not the work of the Lord, for his promises are not fulfilled. But wo unto such, for their reward lurketh beneath, and not from above.—*Doc. & Cov.* 58:31-33.

The world is rapidly coming to its end, that is, the end of the days of wickedness. When it is fully ripe in iniquity the Lord will come in the clouds of heaven to take vengeance on the ungodly, for his wrath is kindled against them. Do not think that he delayeth his coming. Many of the signs of his coming have been given, so we may, if we will, know that the day is even now at our doors.

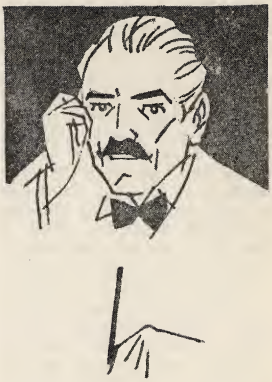
And it shall come to pass, because of the wickedness of the world, that I will take vengeance upon the wicked, for they will not repent; for the cup of mine indignation is full; for behold, my blood shall not cleanse them if they hear me not. —*Doc. & Cov.* 29:17.

Facing Life

By DR. ADAM S. BENNION

VIII

What is Success?



"The Lord sure made a *Success* of this job."

THIS observation was made by a tourist on the north rim of the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone while I was pondering an introduction to this article under the inspiration of one of the most beautiful scenes in the world. No one can stand in admiration at the glories of this wonder chasm without agreeing with the tourist, "Here is Success."

It is a heartening expression. Everybody likes it. Men would have it said of their performances. We spend a life-time in its pursuit, hopeful that in some degree at least we may achieve it. And yet it is one of those elusive terms. Even when we seem most to be approaching it, it may be vanishing under the guise of a mistaken value.

WHETHER or not we shall be able to make clear just what *Success* is, it will be genuinely worth while to you to attempt to work out your own concept of it. If this article prompts you to undertake that task it may be worth the reading even though you search for your answer through the years of your lifetime. It is a blessed experience to face reality—to challenge life with the query, "What Is It All About?"

That many readers have already turned over such a question is reflected in the fact that they have sent in letters since the beginning of this series of articles in which they have made the observation that perhaps we were overlooking some of the ultimate values in life. Not all of these letters can be given consideration in an article of this length, but the outstanding queries can be hinted by setting down typical extracts:

"Don't you place too much emphasis upon mere material success?"

"Does a man have to make a lot of money to be considered a success? Is wealth the chief criterion of achievement?"

"Isn't the Fear of the Lord the sum total of life?"

"What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

"Don't the two great commandments say that a man's full duty is to love God and his fellowman?"

"Isn't money the root of all evil?"

"If I live in honor and rear a creditable family and attend to my religious duties, haven't I done what is expected of me?"

These, and other such questions, are full of interest. They indicate an effort to solve the riddle of life. They reflect a system of teaching born out of wholesome, pioneering experience.

AND now you and I find ourselves challenged with the question, "What, after all, is Success?" I just wish that I might listen in on your reflections before I attempt to set down my own convictions. But since that can't be done, let's put down the best observations that suggest themselves, feeling certain that when all is said and done we can perhaps only start a train of thought which someone some day will fully amplify for us.

At the outset we shall have to make some general observations. In the first place most terms, like *Success*, are used relatively. They are too complex and subtle to be made absolute with clearcut boundary lines of meaning. In the use of such words we must be content with a certain "more or lessness" rather than an "either-or-ness." *Success* is such a richly comprehensive term. One might almost say that there are different *degrees* of success—almost different *kinds*. Some one quality or performance of a person may be so outstanding as to stamp that person as successful. One notable achievement may balance a lifetime of mediocrity in popular fancy. Then, too, it is inevitable that people will vary in their estimates as to what constitutes success. It is quite likely beyond the scope of a reasonable hope to have all men accept a common standard. And yet, after having made due allowance for those heroic, epoch-making, single achievements which always must carry an echo of success, I am inclined to submit, for your turning through, the thought that an even balance, making for a well-rounded development of all man's potentialities, is the key to the kind of success most significant to the race as a whole and to you and me as we project our tomorrows.

THOUGHT is tantalizing—just when I have risked writing down the above generalization, shades of Napoleon—of Edison—of Lindbergh, and of a hundred others of near genius variety darken my page to give the lie to my generalization.

Even so I shall give you my recipe for success. If you feel the urge of genius, disregard the recipe and carve your success out of some notable performance.

For most of us success will lie largely in the fullest realization of our capabilities in one or more

of the following five achievements —he will be greatest who achieves most in all five fields:

I. *WORTHY WORK. A job well done. Such a piece of work to do that we can enjoy the doing of it—and that out of it we can earn a livelihood—that we can bring up those dependent upon us so that they may enjoy the major privileges of life. Our work will be most satisfying and therefore lend itself most to success if through it we are permitted to bring joy to others than ourselves.*

I trust that this is not laying too sordid a foundation in materiality. Life is complex, but its basis is physical. We must eat to survive, and we must pay for our food. WORTHY WORK has ever been the primal injunction. Out across the gates of Eden echoed the admonition:

"By the sweat of thy brow."

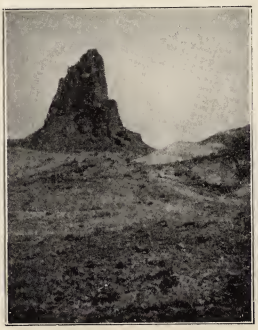
SUCCESS can never be parasitic. It rests upon a platform of performance. Even the gifted few, to whom reference has already been made, were tremendous workers. If you and I find any measure of success, it will likely be doled out to us in keeping with our own measure of honest toil.

II. *A HAPPY AND HONORABLE HOME. Along with that primeval order to labor went the injunction to multiply and replenish the earth. That great bridge between Godhood and manhood, as summarized in the Ten Commandments, is built upon the cement of honor to Father and Mother.*

The home is the great haven of happiness. All else seems cold and empty if the thought of home isn't coupled thereto. Certainly the glory of motherhood is children as they are the honor of fatherhood. Think of a factory or a five acre farm wonderfully operated as compared with five fine sons to do honor to a father's name.

I AM mindful that it is not given to all men and women to rear families. To them Success lies in other honorable pursuits. But this must be a general recipe. And for mankind generally, what success can compare with a worthy family? Personally, I regard it as the greatest achievement possible to men and women. It is so beautifully a joint attainment. When death sounds his summons, parents may leave behind them many things: wealth, lands, writing, positions held in honor, scientific contributions—they may leave a great variety of heritages—but all of them pale into insignificance when compared with a group of boys and girls grown into manhood and womanhood to add lustre to a name already bequeathed to them in honor. And what of lands and gold if attendant upon their winning come trailing one's own offspring, one's own very flesh and blood, in disrespect or otherwise out of neglected nurture? To watch one's own come into the full stature of manhood and womanhood in their richness and worthiness of maturity is heaven upon earth.

III. *THE DISCHARGE OF INSTITUTIONAL RESPONSIBLTY. All of us are richly the beneficiaries of civilization. Out across the ages our progenitors have taken out with Time insurance policies in our favor. We are heirs of all that has ever been done. The riches of the world's thought are wrapped about us as we are cradled into mortality. What the home has done and still does for us has already been hinted. But we are builded outside the home too. The three other great agencies are The State, The School, The Church. Think how your life has been enriched by the benefactions of those three institutions. It is hard, isn't it, fully to appreciate what it means to have been born in a land of freedom—to have been protected against the dangers of a social order—to have been made free to enjoy all that a rich land can hold in store for you? Can you imagine what your life might be if there had never touched it the enriching forces of the School? Can you picture yourself illiterate? Shut your eyes to the reading that has blessed your life.*



Or can you realize the mellowing influence of the Church? What has been the effect of the urge to Christian kindliness and to sanctity of life? Deny to childhood the beauty and reverence of worship? An emptiness akin to the banishment of Santa Claus!

AND if these institutions have thus protected, enriched and expanded our lives, Success must involve our giving back to civilization some little championing of these great agencies. The successful man discharges a civic responsibility—he builds where his building blesses others in keeping with the benediction which still others have brought to him. No man is successful to himself alone. Success is essentially social.

IV. *THE CONFIDENCE AND GOOD-WILL OF WORTHY MEN AND WOMEN—AS AN ASSURANCE OF THE APPROVAL OF GOD.*

What has been said of institutions is equally true of persons. We are all part of one another. "Am I My Brother's Keeper" still echoes down the lanes of life. We are FELLOW-MEN — companions on the way.

"Greatness lies not in being strong, but in the right use of strength, and strength is not used rightly when it serves only to carry a man above his fellows for his own solitary glory. He is the greatest whose strength carries up the most hearts by the attraction of his own."—Bryant.

THE really successful man so conducts himself that his fellows love to honor him. They bless his name. They reach out in kindliness toward him. The successful man works with one eye on the welfare of his fellows. He so acts that the echo of his own life is a reflection of the kindness which he has manifested. The beauty of this aspect of success is that it can be cultivated by the

[*Continued on page 686*]

Man Gains Dominion Over the Earth

By
Dr. THOMAS L. MARTIN
Agronomist
B. Y. U.

RECENT years have found man attempting to control the sanitary situation in our big cities. It has been known that the wastes of man were responsible for many of the plagues and scourges of the past. How to control these wastes has directed the attention of man for many years.

In some of our American cities sewage has been allowed to run into streams or lakes or some other body of water. If the stream was of sufficient size that there was not such a concentration of sewage that it would become a nuisance, that was all right. Some towns have run the sewage into water channels which were dry part of the year. Odors have developed which were objectionable. Sometimes coagulants such as lime, alum and other compounds, to clear the sewage, have been used. Attempts have been made to allow the sewage to flow through septic tanks; that is, tanks which permit bacterial activity to bring into solution the solid organic materials. It has been run through different kinds of filter beds. It has been run on to large tracts of land and used as a fertilizer. All of these methods have been and are being used to control the great streams of human waste which leave our great cities. These methods have much to recommend them but the city of Munich, Germany, with her population of 800,000, has worked out a unique method for the control of sewage. This city has not only solved the problem but it has also made it into a profitable business enterprise.

FIVE years ago a 50 acre piece of land was acquired by the city. Settling tanks, intake canals, gas collecting apparatus, ponds for fish and duck raising were built. Through these the sewage is collected and turned into a source of income instead of an aggravated nuisance.

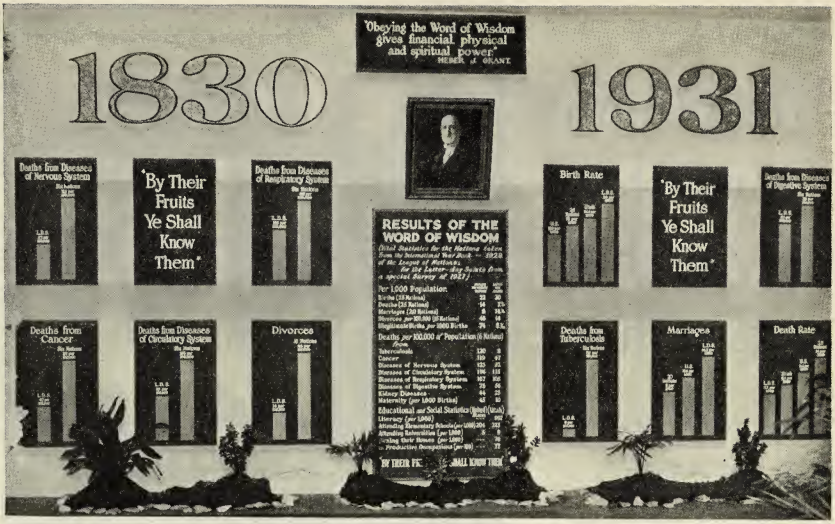
Sewage water from the city of Munich comes into the sewage plant in a canal about twelve feet wide and six feet deep, at a rate of 100 to 200 cubic feet per second—about the flow of the Strawberry Project canal at Spanish Fork, Utah—in times of dry weather, and at a rate of 350 to 700 cubic feet per second, during the rainy seasons—that is about as much water as ordinarily flows in Jordan river. It passes through a coarse iron screen and a coarse sand filter. From there this sewage water flows into a series of settling tanks about 40 feet deep. In an hour 80% of the solid matter settles to the bottom, and the clear water, if it is considered safe, runs into the river. To test the safety of the water, small quantities are pumped into an aquarium laboratory where fish are kept. If the fish live it is assumed that the water is safe to pass into the river. If the fish die then further dilution of the sewage water must take place.

The water that passes into the river is readily made safe by the dilutions brought about by the river water, the settling out process, the rapid utilization of the organic water by the bacteria, and the germicidal effect of the sun.

THE organic matter which settles to the bottom of the tanks, decomposes at a rapid rate. Cement covers have been built over the receptacles and the gas which accumulated due to decomposition, is collected into pipes and conveyed to a gas mixing plant. There, it is mixed with coal gas and and air until a very desirable combination of gas for illumination and cooking purposes is formed. This is then sold to the citizens of Munich. The sewage gas is about twice as valuable for illumination and cooking purposes as ordinary coal gas is.

Much of the water which flows from this sewage plant is mixed with river water at a rate of four parts river water to one part sewage

[*Continued on page 688*]



Word of Wisdom Exhibit

By
GEORGE ALBERT SMITH, JR.

ONE of the most effective steps ever taken for a long time to combat the evils against which the Word of Wisdom warns, was the public exhibition conducted by the Mutual Improvement Associations of the Church incidental to the June Convention of this year.

A spacious building, on the east side of Main Street, between South Temple and First South Streets, was used for the display, which was open from June 9th to 22nd, inclusive.

The purpose of the undertaking was, obviously, to teach the Word of Wisdom; and in a very effective way. Those who are commercially interested in the sale and distribution of tobacco, tea, coffee, or any such products have conducted a publicity and sales campaign which has been a masterpiece of advertising. They have made their wares look so attractive and appetizing by means of poster, radio and press, that the counter-campaign conducted by this and other organizations, largely from the pulpit, has been minimized in effectiveness.

Quite wisely, therefore, this effort was made to let the truth be known about the actual effects of these things, against which the Latter-day Saints have divine warning.

A SMALL exhibit was conducted by the Church in Dresden, Germany, in connection with a world fair there, but this is the first time that a Word of Wisdom Exhibit, conducted entirely as such, has been held. It was a display of charts, poster and pamphlet literature, pictures, models, apparatus for conducting chemical, physiological or mental tests, moving pictures, findings and exhortations of leading men and women in all fields, and every conceivable means of putting over the message of mental, physical and spiritual health.

To conduct the exhibit, after all the preliminary work of organization and preparation, a corps of willing, intelligent, volunteer workers, in groups of twenty-five gave an average of six hours each day spent in meeting the visitors, showing them around the exhibits, conducting experiments, explaining the information there available, and in distributing literature to the eager readers.

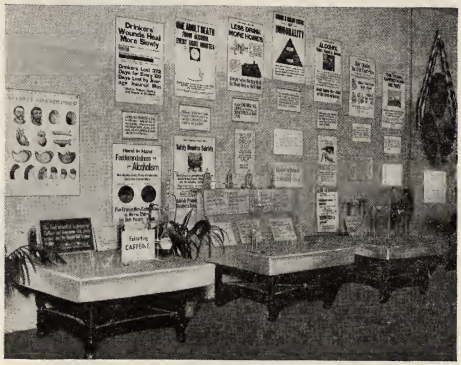
It is estimated that over forty thousand visitors saw the exhibit, and the amount of good that was done to them, and through them to others, is incalculable. Originally intended to run for one week the display was prolonged to meet the desires of the many who wished to see it.

SPLENDID and helpful cooperation was obtained by the committee in charge from educational institutions, and from commercial houses, as well as from individuals, who loaned or donated equipment, apparatus or display material, as well as making available valuable information for this campaign for temperance and abstinence. Near and distant sources were drawn upon to make the exhibit completely effective. Moving pictures were imported from far-off Germany, which told their tale about the harmful effects of nicotine, alcohol and caffein upon the efficiency of body and mind.

A number of devices were in use to conduct experiments on and for the visitors which show how

mental and physical efficiency can be measured, and the effects of harmful habits upon ability. In addition, heart-testing and other physical efficiency measures were available to the many, who were astounded when they learned the truth about themselves. And that, might it be said in passing, was the intent of the exhibit, that people might indeed learn the truth about themselves, and their environmental influences of which the Word of Wisdom indicates a few.

Many of the leaflets and pamphlets which were distributed proved to be enormously popular, noteworthy among them being a little page "How to Cure the Cigaret Habit," by Dr. D. H. Kress. Of these, some 10,000 were given out during the exhibit, of which about 1000 were given to people who affirmatively asked for the leaflet, indicating a real desire to get hold of it and the fine plan it outlines. A surprisingly large number of visitors asked if some tobacco cure were available, and indicated an honest desire to use that which was given them.



STARTLING POSTER DISPLAY

A GREAT number of most illuminating statistics were given out by means of posters and leaflets; statistics which have been gathered by the Church itself, and also by many worthy organizations, both religious and secular, which paint the true picture of the desirable effects of temperance and abstinence and the abhorrent consequences of indulgence and excess.

"The Titanic carried down 1503 people—Drink carries off 1503 men and women every eight days in the year." "Alcoholic drinks helped break up 9228 homes every year." "One in every three husbands divorced for cruelty was intemperate." "One adult death from alcohol every eight minutes" (Pre-prohibition fact in the U. S.). "Child Death Rate Higher in Drinking Families: Abstaining parents, 13%, Immoderate drinking parents, 32%." "Death rates in pneumonia increase with alcoholic habits: Of abstainers sick, 18.5% died, of moderate drinkers sick, 25% died, of immoderate drinkers sick, 52.8% died."

The above are excerpts from the poster display, and contain information gleaned from the country (some from foreign countries) at large. Another part of the exhibit displayed posters telling the glad message that Latter-day Saints' social statistics show fulfillment of the Lord's promise that obedience to the laws of better living will be rewarded by greater vitality, and longevity:

Deaths from diseases of nervous system: (per 100,000)

Six Nations	L. D. S
123	52

from cancer:

119	47

from tuberculosis:

120	9

from diseases of digestive system:

73	56

from diseases of respiratory system:

167	105

from diseases of circulatory system:

196	115

Birth rate (per 1000):

U.S.	Utah	L.D.S.
18.9	24.8	30.0

Marriage rate:

10.6	------	14.5

Divorce rate:

15 Nations	L. D. S.
46	14

Death rate:

U. S.	Utah	L. D. S.
11.4	9.1	7.5

These are just examples of the interesting and valuable information, of which there was much more, about the Latter-day Saint people. Such facts as these tell no other story than that the kind of lives these people are living more nearly accomplish the purpose for which life is given, and that is to increase, lengthen, improve and continue it.

VIEW OF THE EXHIBIT HALL

ANOTHER thing which this exhibit accomplished, though a benefit not directly designed, was to show the world that

[*Cont. p. 673*]

"Mormon Boy Crowned World's Greatest Athlete"

By LES GOATES

"They say that those Mormon boys
'Aint got no style;
Got style all the while,
Got style all the while."

THAT old-time chaunt, homely in construction but filled with the all-conquering spirit of the pioneer athlete, has been heard all over the land, wherever Utah and her "Mormon" boys have gone into battle. The tone of conviction which this ancient war cry carries has been sustained in the heroic performances of the young men of the Beehive State and many have seen and believed in them.

But it remained for a Latter-day Saint boy from Thatcher, Arizona, to attain the topmost pinnacle of individual athletic perfection, emblazoning his name across the sports sections of the American daily newspapers with the same glaring frequency as that accorded Bobby Jones, Helen Wills, William Tilden II, Glenna Collett, and all those other nationally important amateur sports luminaries in the heyday of their careers.

JESSE MORTENSEN, the athletic prodigy of the decade; world's greatest all-around track and field performer and a modest "Mormon" boy!

On the mantel in the home of Martin Mortensen, Sr., Arizona Pioneer, is a neat little trophy case filled with medals, cups, plaques and certificates giving striking evidence of the prowess of this gifted young man who has just recently established a world's record for point scoring in winning the all-around track and field championships of the National Amateur Athletic Union.

JESS MORTENSEN

Captain of the 1930 track team, University of Southern California. Holder of Trojan javelin record at 204.975 feet.

There are other awards there. They show that Jesse Mortensen was a real jack of all athletic trades at the University of Southern California where he was A. A. U. champion in the javelin throw, establishing a record of 204.975 feet; that he was all-Pacific Coast conference forward in basketball; winner of the famous "Gimble" medal at U. S. C. for the finest display of sportsmanship by any Trojan athlete; a two-year letterman in football; three-year letterman in track and three-year letterman in basketball.

But none of these prizes are

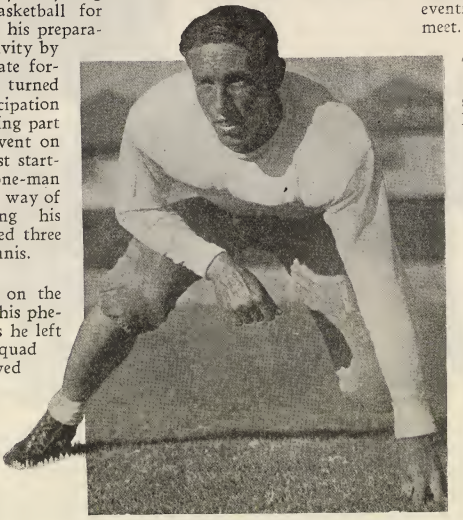
more valuable to Mortensen than those he won at Gila College, the little Latter-day Saint institution where his extraordinary talents were given their initial development under the tutelage of Ernest Shumway, formerly of the Brigham Young University athletic teams. At little Gila, young Mortensen played basketball for four years, climaxing his preparatory career in this activity by his selection as all state forward in 1925. He turned in three years of participation in track and field, taking part in practically every event on the program in a most startling exhibition of a one-man track team. Then by way of further demonstrating his versatility, Jesse played three years of smashing tennis.

THE recapitulation on the performances of this phenomenal performer as he left Coach Shumway's squad showed he had achieved four letters in basketball, two in football, four in track and three in tennis. That he found time to study a little besides, is evident from the fact that he registered very close to a straight "A" grade in all his subjects.

It was quite fitting that Mortensen as a student at the University of Southern California, should seek the counsel of Eugene L. Roberts, director of the school for coaches and physical directors in the great Los Angeles institution. Coach Roberts, beloved daddy of athletics at Brigham Young University, had coached Ernest Shumway when the Gila college mentor was winning honors on the old B. Y. U. basketball of 1921-22. Since it was Shumway who started Arizona's greatest athlete on his way to fame, naturally the guardianship was passed on to the third "generation." Coach Roberts had his new charge for two years as a major student in physical education and found him to be an outstanding classman.

But the actual coaching of Mortensen at U. S. C. devolved upon three of the greatest athletic directors in the land,—Dean Cromwell, track and field; Howard Jones, football and Jack Barry, basketball. Jesse was a natural athlete and with the advantage of the finest coaching possible to obtain, it was inevitable that he should reach the pinnacle.

Mortensen's first attempt at



JESS MORTENSEN
Right Half, University of Southern California
1929 Football Team

the decathlon, or all-around athletic championship, fell short of victory. Buster Charles, the great Indian performer, won the honor in 1930, but the gifted young man from Gila had the satisfaction of squaring his account with the mighty Redskin this year in the A. A. U. championships at Lincoln, Neb., July 3 and 4. In his great triumph Mortensen scored 8,193.29 points, exceeding the present recognized world's record of 8,053.29 set at the 1928 Olympic Games at Amsterdam by Paavo Yrjola of Finland.

THIS performance also eclipsed that of Kenneth Doherty, the former American record holder who scored 7,784.68 points and also the excellent figure set in the Kansas Relays by Jim Bausch of the Kansas City Athletic club whose mark was recorded at 7,846.22.

The best performance set by Mortensen in the A. A. U. championships came in the javelin, which he wafted 198 feet. He negotiated the 110-yard high hurdles in 15.6 seconds and ran 400 meters in 51.1 seconds. The ten events were run off in a two-day meet.

THE detail scoring of this Latter-day Saint boy's stupendous performance follows:

100 meters—11 seconds, 904 points.

400 meters—51.1 seconds, 890.96 points.

1500 meters—4 minutes, 52.6, 665.20 points.

110-yard high hurdles—15.6 seconds, 943 points.

Broad jump—21 feet, 3¾ inches, 756.17 points.

Shot put—44.01 feet, 807.43 points.

High jump—5.71 feet, 748 points.

Discus throw — 130.42 feet, 792.60 points.

Pole vault—11.155, 703 points.

Javelin throw—198 feet, 982.13 points.

Grand total of Points — 8,193.29.

Former world's record — 8,053.29.

Mortensen is the second "Mormon" athlete to win the national A. A. U. decathlon. Alma Richards, mighty all-around performer from Brigham Young University and Cornell, proved himself the best man in the country in these ten events the year the championships were held in connection with the San Francisco exposition. This huge fellow from Utah's Dixie country had a great chance to win again at Newark but struck a hurdle and lost all the points in this event.

But even the great Richards, Olympic star and master of many track specialties, could not compile anything like the total of points made by Mortensen this year. No doubt Richards excelled in the high jump, pole vault and the weight events, but on the track he probably would have had little chance with the Arizona rambler.

[*Continued on page 661*]

Covered WAGON DAYS

Photos by George Stokes Berryman
(Stokes Studio)

DREAM, O Youth! Dream nobly, dream manfully, and your dream shall be your prophet."

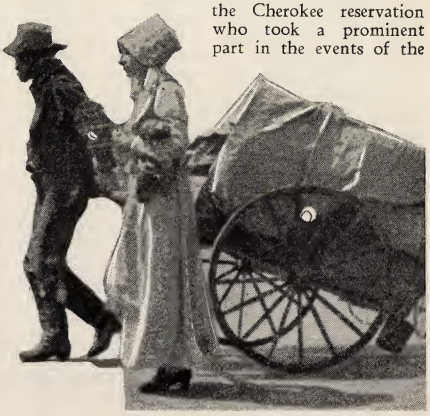
Eighty-four years ago a sturdy band of pioneers dreamed a dream of a new city, founded in a wilderness and built for peace and freedom of worship. On July twenty-fourth, this year, their descendants and others who have benefited by their industry celebrated the historic journey across the plains in the city which these dreams realized.

Nearly every modern detail of the celebration, more or less commonplace to this generation, would have been astonishing to the hardy settlers could they have envisioned it as they swung their teams into the valley so long ago. The streets bright with flags bearing their names, the aeroplanes circling over the city, the immense crowds gathered to honor these first citizens, —all this would have filled them with wonder and reverent awe, for hardships had made them humble.

THEY might have sensed a little irony in the salute fired from Fort Douglas which began the festivities, remembering that government troops had once marched through the city with orders to drive them from their homes; but they would have felt no resentment, since part of them had also served under the colors. Their amazement would have known no bounds if they could have watched the parade which featured the first day of the celebration.

At the head rode army officers and city and state officials. Among them was President Anthony W. Ivins, whose beautiful mount and excellent horsemanship inspired much admiration among the crowds. Himself a pioneer in southern Utah, and acquainted with every phase of frontier life, he must have vividly remembered many tragic scenes in impressive contrast to this elaborate spectacle.

FOLLOWING the 38th Infantry band was a car bearing a gray-haired lady, who was one of the first white children born in Utah. Behind her came riders clad in the picturesque costumes of the Spanish settlers, the Indians, and fur traders. There were also a number of real Indians from the Cherokee reservation who took a prominent part in the events of the

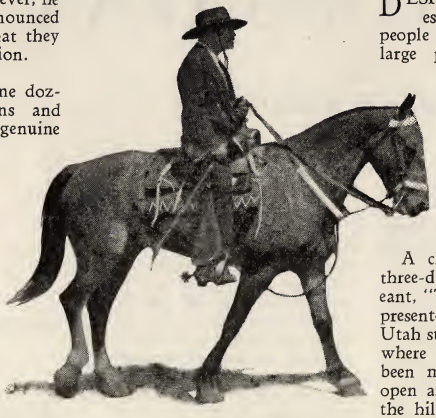


week. Directly after these came three riders representing the advance company which entered the valley July 21st, and in the back of a wagon following them rode a character portraying Brigham Young, as, weakened by a fever, he sat up in his bed and announced to the footsore travelers that they had reached their destination.

BEHIND their leader came dozens of covered wagons and handcarts, many of them genuine relics of the trek across the plains. There were weatherbeaten outfits drawn by ox-teams, in which rode calico-clad women churning or holding babies; and dilapidated wagons, loaded with tools, bedding and furniture. Some had added realistic touches by carrying chickens and dogs. Behind them walked others pulling handcarts; and in the record-breaking heat of the scorching pavements, they must have realized to the fullest extent what the members of the early companies had to bear. Many of the wagons carried interesting legends concerning their histories. One bore the first ox shoeing outfit in Utah, another held the bed which belonged to General Wells. One group of covered wagons had traveled the entire distance from Fillmore, bringing greetings from Utah's first capitol.

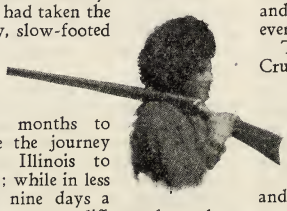
Scores of colorful floats were entered by various business firms, clubs, and civic organizations. One depicted the first school in Utah, its teacher and pupils being lineal descendants of the original group. Others portrayed the progress made by commerce and science since 1847. Some of the most amusing were the old "horseless carriages" furnished by some of the automobile dealers of the city.

Most of the younger spectators caught their first glimpses of oxen on this occasion. There were several ox-teams in the parade and also at the municipal airport on the following day, where a striking contrast was presented between them and the planes drawn



up not far away.

It had taken the heavy, slow-footed



oxen months to make the journey from Illinois to Utah; while in less than nine days a plane—not so different from these—had completely circled the globe. With all their faith, the early "bull-whackers" would scarcely have believed such a feat possible; and could they have seen the "stunting" which followed the formal dedication of the airport, they would have considered it more of a miracle than the coming of the seagulls or the success of their first crops in a country where it was predicted corn would not mature.

DESPITE the terrific heat it is estimated that about 50,000 people viewed the parade, and a large part of the crowd was at the airport to witness the ceremonies and the flying exhibition on the 25th. General W. G. Williams was in charge of the parade and was largely responsible for the smoothness which characterized this part of the fete.

A climax was reached in the three-day program when the pageant, "The Spirit of Progress" was presented at the University of Utah stadium Saturday night. Nowhere could such a drama have been more effective than in that open amphitheatre at the foot of the hills. By dusk most of the 20,000 spectators had assembled and at the opening scene nearly every seat was taken.

The pageant, directed by James Cruze, who also directed the moving picture, "The Covered Wagon," was divided into four parts. The first depicted the red men, the Indian idea being carried out effectively by characteristic music and dances.

THE next episode portrayed the coming of the pioneers, and was featured by stage coaches, covered wagons, handcarts, and pony express riders, forming a cavalcade which circled the stadium track. Pioneer dances on the stage and on the lawn added color to the scene which closed with the dramatic picture of Brigham Young and his associates smoking the pipe of peace with the Indian braves.

The third episode presented the coming of the railroad and the driving of the

[*Cont. on page 670*]

'Twas a LONG, LONG TRAIL

By
PATRICIA H. McMILLEN

The high cost of experience."

A SUDDEN, sharp bang added a staccato note to the popping of the engine.

"My word—again?" A chorus of weary sighs arose from the back seat. The brakes screeched in answer as our 1928 prairie schooner slid to a stop. Chauffeur Bert shrugged his shoulders in disgusted surrender, then opened the door of the dilapidated, over-loaded flivver and stepped out to drown his sorrows in the rain. But not even a flat tire—another one—could make him lose his desire to dramatize every situation.

"Here we are," he announced with a grandioso bow as he threw open the rear door. "Ladies, and those you have with you, right this way to the great open spaces. To the left you see the great Hopi desert; to the right, more desert. And what is wrong with this picture? Ah, yes! In the lower left hand corner is another of those ailments of tin horse flesh known as a punctured hoof. So for the love of mud," he added in a more matter-of-fact way, "pile out of there and let's get it fixed."

FIVE travel - weary adventurers stirred enough to ease cramped limbs but after one look at the dull gray sky above, and the wet sand stretching to either side, settled back again. Art alone deigned to speak.

"Aw, go to—Sunday School,—or fix it yourself. I'm going to sleep." So saying, he threw his feet over the back of the front seat and proceeded to suit action to the words.

"The laddie has spoken? Then I must act." And Bert grabbed the other's feet and deposited him, with an array of suitcases, on the wet desert sand. Henry and Harold came suddenly to life and bolted out the other side of the car. I turned and looked back at Dot.

"Shall we stay in or shall we brave the elements and the lizards and seek the refreshing air of the bee-yootiful desert?"

"Oh, let's get out," returned Dot. "Good grief, even watching the boys fix tires, old as that gets, beats sitting here." So we joined the others.

The tire was flat, all right. Hot desert sands can wreck any tire in a short time—especially if the tire has already served for an ordinary lifetime. The boys got out the tools, and in a short time had the offending tire off. A long, jagged rent put an end to all hopes of repair.

"Well, I guess that means the spare or nothing," remarked Bert. "We sure took our lives in our hands when we started out on this jaunt. Any of us can run a garage when we get back home. Ho-hum!

FOR the third time that day the spare was dragged off and for the third time adjudged hopeless. "Just count those patches on that tube already," groaned Harold. "Only eighteen! Looks like an exaggerated case of smallpox."

"It's gone, all right," agreed Art. "But what can we do? We wouldn't dare go on the rim, heavily loaded as we are." He turned to the driver and added sarcastically, "All right, Mr. Bert, you're the little boy who never lets anything get the best of him. What do we do this time?"

"That's easy," returned B e r t, without hesitation. "You can h i k e ahead and get one."

Art looked to see if Bert was serious. He was. "Why you poor fish! If it weren't raining I'd say the sun affected y o u r unprotected dome. It's forty miles to Shiprock."

"I know that, Art, but what else can be done!"

"But forty miles—me—alone?"

"You'll not be alone," Bert said consolingly. "There's Indians all along this road, and the coyotes will keep you from minding the silence after dark. I'll try to get

this tire fixed. Then we can move on and meet you on your way back, or, with luck, we might even overtake you."

"Fat chance of that." Art kicked at the ragged tube. "But why pick on me—alone?"

"Because you've got the longest legs, I guess. One step of yours would make nearly three of Harold's. And Henry could hardly be expected to go along, with his lame knee. And I'm the only one with ambition enough even to try to fix this tire, or to fix anything else that might go wrong if we do get started on. Besides, you stand a better chance of getting a ride if you're alone. People can make room for one more, but not always for two more. So run along, Pardner, you're unanimously elected to be the life saving hero of this little expedition. Here's the money for the tire. Now shoo! We'll be seeing you."

As Art swung off down the road Harold sang,

"When the moon shines down
upon the desert,
We'll be waitin' underneath its
light."

And Dot added a line from a play we'd been discussing. "And remember, Dahlink, when your feet get tired of walking, just think what a nice long ride the rest of you is getting for nothing."

But we were all rather anxious, and asked Bert if it weren't rather dangerous, sending him off alone like that.

"No, I don't think so. He'll be getting a ride in no time. There's lots of travel along this highway. Look, there comes someone now."

IN a very few minutes a long, low touring car stopped beside our Dobbin. "What's the trouble? Can I help?" the man at the wheel inquired.

"Just ruined our last tire. One of the gang just started ahead to get a new one. You could sure help by giving him a lift. Going far?" Harold was always the spokesman when strangers were to be addressed.

"To Aztec. I'll be glad to take him along. So long."

"So long. And thanks," we chorused.

As the big car moved on, the driver looked at our car, then at us, and again at our car. He must have doubted the old axiom which states that the lesser cannot contain the greater. And it was no wonder. Our little four-passenger Whippet was loaded to the limit when the crowd of us and our belongings were piled into it. We sometimes marveled that our tires lasted as long as they did.

WHILE BERT worked we sat around and talked over our adventures of the past few months. Bert and Art had spent several seasons on the stage, and had decided that it would be a great lark to take out a company of their own and play in some of the small towns in Colorado, New Mexico, and Arizona. So they persuaded the rest of us to go along, including Henry Stevens, an older man who for several years had been a teacher of dramatics, and his wife to act as our director and chaperones. It hadn't taken much persuasion, for we were all eager to travel, and welcomed the chance to visit these states, renowned for their scenery. And we had enjoyed it. The beautiful parks and mountain drives of Colorado, the Aztec Memorial in New Mexico, and the Grand Canyon, the Painted Desert, and the tropical beauty of Phoenix and southern Arizona were but a few of the things we were always to remember. It didn't matter that we never had many dollars ahead, or that many times we had to drive all night in order to keep an engagement to play on a rickety, dusty stage in some small mining or farming town. And if we had to make a bowl of "graveyard stew" do for our supper, and patch tires unceasingly, that, too, was part of the game. And in spite of everything, it was lots of fun.

"Glory, I'm hungry." Dot reminded us that we hadn't eaten for hours.

"So say we, all of us," and, as usual, we turned to Bert for the remedy. He was ready.

"We passed a trading post back there about two miles. Harold, you can hike back there. Get some pork and beans, some bread, or rolls if you can, and I guess you'd better bring some soda water. Lucky the sun isn't shining as it was the last time we crossed this old desert or we'd all be famished for a drink of water. Next trip we'll have a canteen, I'll bet." Bert handed out some more coin. He was the business manager and always carried the purse. "Hurry now, Harold. I think maybe I can have this tire fixed by the time you get back."

"Want to come along, 'Tricia?" Harold knew how I loved to hike. But Bert settled the question.

"You heard me say 'Hurry,' didn't you? I know how you two would hurry. Stop to sing for the birds and the bees, and gather cactus plants and horned toads for souvenirs to send back home. Ay tank mebbe so you better go alone."

"All right, Cheese—I mean Chief." And Harold started off in the opposite direction from the one Art had taken.

"Anyway, you're my girl, see?" Bert laughed as I sat down beside him on the running board. "You're going to sit right here and hold these patches for me." I did. For some reason we always did just as Bert said for us to do.

AFTER applying patches to several holes made in the tube by one murderous nail, we pumped the tube up and held our breath until we were sure it was going to hold. Then we executed a little Indian war dance all our own and began to look for Harold. He'd been gone for some time, surely long enough to make that trip. We didn't want our supper wandering around on that lonely desert after dark. Funny how important a can of beans can become.

Bert had the tire on. "Now, if it just doesn't give way when I let the car off the jack." Another breathless moment ensued till Dobbin stood safely on its own feet.

"I feel like a mother watching her child stand alone for the first time," breathed Henry.

"Uh-huh. You look so very motherly, Henry," remarked Dot. Henry was much older than any of the rest of us, and looked worse for having gone three days without a shave.

"Never mind, young lady. You look like something out of a waste-basket yourself. Desert air is supposed to put roses into one's cheeks, but desert rain has washed all the roses off yours."

Bert interrupted them. "Why on earth doesn't that guy get here with the eats? We could start on now if he were here."

WE waited awhile, then walked to the top of the nearest raise. "Is that he?" I could see a moving speck in the road. Silence for a while, then Dot exclaimed,

"There's two!"

"Two what?" Henry wanted to know.

"That's what we all want to know. Maybe he's bringing Patricia an Indian for a souvenir." Bert had never liked my habit of collecting relics since the day in Ashfork when I left a cactus plant on the seat of the car. He *would* have to pick that certain place to sit down!

The two specks turned out to be a small Indian boy and a cow, enroute from someplace to someplace else. As he came near where we stood, the boy stopped, looked us over, then drove his cow off the road and made a wide detour around us. Henry's wife took a look at her husband's whiskers and smiled.

"That is an insult—when even the Indians fight shy of us." We agreed, but none of us felt like joking. It was too dark to see far now, and we were really worried.

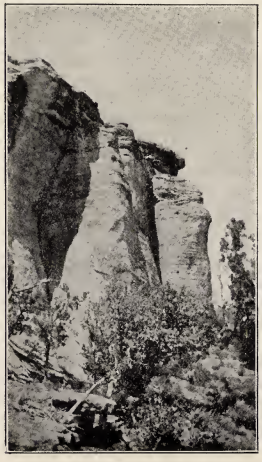
"Better go after him," Bert decided, starting back to the car. We unloaded the car to spare the tires as much as possible, then left Henry to watch while the rest of us went to look for our belated supper. Nothing was said until we reached the trading-post where we supposed Harold had gone. The little old man who answered our questions said he had seen no one. "I was away for awhile," he went on. "Maybe he missed me and went on down to the Indian school. It's about sixteen miles down the road, off to the *right* about a mile. There's a store there."

We thanked him and went on, but were puzzled. How could Harold have known of the store, and why would he go on that far anyway?

"Maybe his tummy was as empty as mine," Dot suggested, rubbing that organ, "so he decided to go back to Gallup. How far is that?"

I had been in the front seat watching the speedometer. "Only about forty miles. That's a mere nothing out here in this great country where the men are braves and the squaws do all the work."

WE finally reached the road (if such it could be called) that led to the school. "Heaven spare our tires. We have no spare," Bert said solemnly as we swung into the deep ruts and headed for the group of lights we could see in the distance. We jolted along until we reached the whitewashed fence that surrounded the buildings. Bert rushed in to ask for news of our wandering boy. When he returned we could see at once



that he had found out something.

"He said a boy was here and got food and drinks. It must have been Harold, but where could we have missed him?"

"Don't ask me," was all the help I could offer. "But maybe he tried to take a short cut across the desert instead of following that crooked trail back to the highway. How long ago was he here?"

"Just after six. It's nearly nine now."

Very quietly we rode back to the highway. It did no good to try to see around us. The night was black as pitch and there was nothing to break the silence but our engine.

We turned back to the highway, and started back to see if Henry had any better news. Suddenly a lone figure stepped into the glare of our lights—a tired-looking young man with rumpled hair. He had a sack over his shoulder and his face was anxious as he waved to us to stop.

"Thank heavens!" breathed Bert. Dot and I were beyond words.

We stopped within a few feet of the man, who hurried to the car and stood beside us, still too dazzled by the lights to see any of us clearly. "Pardon me, Mister, but I wonder if you'd mind giving me a lift for a matter of about sixteen miles. There's some folks up there waiting for me and their supper."

We all laughed and Bert said, "Well, Harold, I guess we might. Hop in."

"Goodness! Is it really you?" Harold was incredulous.

"It is. Welcome back to our midst, Wanderer of the Wastelands. Give an account of yourself."

AS we rode along, he told us there had been no one at the post except a man who was watering his horse at a muddy pool back of the building. This man had told him of the school store.

"He said it was 'just a ways farther', so I kept on going 'just a ways farther' till I got there. I got the grub and started to cut across back to the highway. It got dark all of a sudden, and I got my directions hopelessly mixed. The lights of a passing car guided

me to the road, but somehow I got started off wrong. walked a long way, then a car stopped and the driver asked me where I was headed for. I said 'Colorado' and he said, 'You'd better turn around. We're headed for Arizona.' I made a hasty retreat, and not any too soon, I guess, or I'd have missed you again."

We made short work of the beans, bread, and soda pop after we reached Henry. Then, piling ourselves and baggage into the schooner, we went merrily on our way.

"Art should be getting back this far before long," Bert remarked when we had gone several miles.

"It seems to be getting a habit —worrying about these cross country hikers," mused Henry.

"It's the tire I'm worrying about right now," laughed Bert. I wonder how long it will last."

As though in answer came the old familiar "pop!"

"Not long, brother," said Harold solemnly, as we pulled up at the side of the road.

"Here we are," said Bert once more, but this time without the grand air. Instead, he draped his feet over the steering wheel and added, "Good night!"

"No chance to mend this one?" Henry inquired.

"Nope—no more porous plasters for weak tires."

We sat there in the intense blackness, broken only by our parking lights. Far off sounded a mournful wail, and we speculated as to whether it might be coyotes or Indian whoopee.

"Art's apt to be scared stiff." Bert was getting anxious now. "I guess I shouldn't have sent him alone, but I never dreamed he'd have to walk far. There's sure not much travel tonight."

"Shall I start ahead to meet him?" Harold thought he hadn't walked far enough for one day.

"Then we'd have to go hunting you again. No, he's apt to come in a car and then you'd never see him. He's got the only flashlight in the company, so he's safer out there than any of us would be."

So we just sat and waited. "We ought to try to get a nap if we're going to play tomorrow," someone suggested. "I wonder if we'll ever get there." The rest of us wondered, too.

"I think we'd better take our suitcases and strike out. These flat tires give a darn sight more trouble than flat feet would." That was my opinion of the situation.

"It's not you girls who suffer from the flat tires. We fellows have to do all the dirty work."

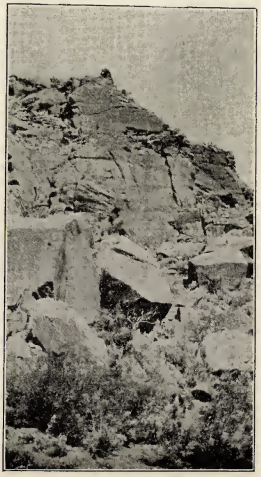
"And we just sit out here in the middle of this forsaken country and enjoy the scenery."

But we couldn't enjoy even a quarrel—which means that we were "*some* worried."

"Pipe down, you, I need some sleep." Bert was unquestionably tired. He had done most of the driving since we left Phoenix four days before—four days filled with flat tires. The last time we had really rested was at Holbrook, two night's before. The other nights had been spent traveling. How good a bed would look now!

One after the other we dropped off to sleep, in spite of the fact that we felt we must surely dream of Indians and buzzards and coyotes hovering around poor Art out on the desert somewhere.

We were wakened from our slumbers by the screech of brakes as a car stopped beside us. Our



door was opened and Art's voice sang out,

"Well, of all the sleepy bunches! This is a great way to welcome a hero home." He turned and called, "It's them all right," and the other car drove off into the darkness.

We were all awake now, and Art was buried under a deluge of questions. "I rode into Shiprock, all right, but," he turned accusingly to Bert," any poor sap might have known we'd never be able to get a Whippet tire there. That's just an Indian settlement. I had to go on to Farmington." He struck an attitude worthy of one who was about to impart amazing information. "Ninety miles little Artie went, just for a tire for this boat."

We were properly impressed. "Did you walk far?"

Art laughed. "No, I rode almost all the way there. I got the tire, hung it around my neck, and started back. I'd gone four or five miles when a man stopped and asked if I was going far. I told him, 'just about ninety miles', and he looked at me rather queerly, as if he thought it rather unusual for a guy with a tire for a necktie to start out on a jaunt like that. He was going just two miles, but that helped. Then I had to walk for hours, I guess it was, before I got a ride with the folks that brought me here. I'd have been here sooner, but"—he made a wry face—"we had to stop to fix a flat tire."

"They have nothing on us," Bert laughed. "So did we."

In a short time the new tire was on, and we settled ourselves once more. "I guess we can make it," Bert said, looking at his watch. "I think our tires are good for the rest of this trip." He looked around and asked, "Are we here?"

"We are here," we responded, and Harold added, "Let's see how soon we can be somewhere else."

As we started on the long trail once again, I turned and looked at the two boys who were comparing notes in the back seat. "You'd better see if you can't go to sleep and get rested. We'll soon be up in those gorgeous Colorado mountains, and wouldn't it be fun to go on a nice, long hike?"

THE OLD STAGE ROAD CROSSING SKULL VALLEY

On the Trail of the *Overland Stage*

By
KENNETH S. BENNION

SOMETIMES we see a stretch of earth or sky, we hear a song or glimpse a passing face, and the impressions are so strong that they remain forever with us.

I shall not forget the day—it's nearly thirty years ago—when I rode to the top of a limestone peak on the west side of Rush Valley and looked out across the wide desert that lay beyond, shimmering in the heat waves of an August noon. A page of western history lay before me. There were Davis Mountain, Indian, the Buttes, Granite, Dugway, and blue against the western sky, the Deep Creek Range, rising above the haze. Between these landmarks lay the desert floor—endless miles of gray shadscale and white alkali.

Point Lookout lay a couple of miles north of me, and from the mouth of the canyon emerged a white line that stretched away to the westward. That was the trail of the Overland Stage and the Pony Express.

UNDIMMED by the passing years, the old road has written its own record of achievement across the land it conquered. It wakes the imagination. One catches himself listening for the clatter of wheels on a rocky ridge or keeping a wary lookout for Indians who might be lying in ambush. But it's a generation ago since the Lindberghs, the Posts and Gattys of 1860 were pitted against this wilderness in a most audacious attempt to bring California within a fortnight's travel of the Missouri.

One stretch of the road ran south from Salt Lake City for twenty miles to the Point of the Mountain. From there it swung westward across the desert to the Nevada line, a hundred and fifty miles away. Stations along this road were Joe Dugout's, Camp Floyd, Five Mile Pass, Faust, Point Lookout, Government Wash, Simpson Springs, Riverbed, Dugway, Fish Springs, Callao, Canyon Station, Deep Creek, and many others. Desert towns and ranches mark the sites of some of these stations, a few more remain in ruins, and still others exist only in the memories of a few old-timers.

This stretch of country is almost all a barren wilderness, with water at very rare intervals. Back in the '60's there were few inhabitants other than wandering bands of Indians and a few—too many—outlaw whites. To give the coaches and the pony riders a little more than an even break against Indians and outlaws, Porter Rockwell was hired to keep things in order. He did it with a vengeance.

MANY stories are told about his activities, some good and

some bad. All are doubtless distorted by this time. Some chroniclers would have us believe that he was a master bandit himself, especially gifted in the art of double-crossing. Others, and by far the majority, picture him as a straight - shooting, quick - witted forerunner of law and order. The fact remains that he was bad medicine for outlaws. To use his own words, he never killed a man—"that didn't need killing."

One story is told of a couple of horsethieves who stole some valuable horses and followed the stage road westward. Rockwell picked up the trail and followed it to Riverbed, about a hundred miles southwest of Salt Lake. Here, single-handed, he captured the thieves and made them help drive the horses back. As they neared Point Lookout, a mountainous region, the story goes that Rockwell found it necessary to shoot both men and he dropped the bodies down a deep well which he had dug for just such purposes. Rockwell's enemies say that the shooting was not justifiable, and that the well could tell a lot of incriminating tales if it would. His friends say that if he shot the outlaws at all, he shot in self defense or to prevent their escape. As for the well, they say that it was dug for water only. The year 1865 is a long way off. The three people concerned are all dead, and there were no witnesses. Who can say? Those were the days of swift if not always sure justice. Any way, the well is still there—it has hardly caved at all—and there is still room in it for a whole grist of horsethieves, bootleggers, gangsters, etc. All that is lacking is a few Porter Rockwells to bring them in. Whatever else may be said of Porter Rockwell, he was true to his friends, and the country needed men of his type.

Ruins of Canyon Station at the mouth of Overland Canyon, Western Utah.

ANOTHER story concerns a lone bandit who held up the stage in Point Lookout and got away with a fortune in gold bullion from California. His plans had been carefully laid and his getaway was almost perfect. But Rockwell found the trail and followed it to a hidden cabin on Cherry Creek, about twenty-five miles off the road. Then for four days and nights, with almost no food or water and with no sleep at all, he watched the bandit. Finally the latter, feeling sure that he had eluded pursuit, went to his cache and dug up the gold. Instantly Rockwell "held him up" and made him carry the bullion back over the mountains toward the stage road. Almost dead from his four days' vigil, Rockwell took the bandit to the winter ranch in Skull Valley, left him in charge of a ranch hand, and went to

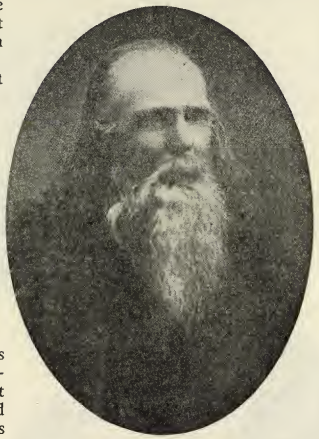
sleep. During the night the bandit got away. He disappeared without a trace, but his sense of humor proved to be his downfall. He was an ex-telegraph operator, and one day this message was sent along the line:

"I am the man who robbed the stage in Lookout. Rockwell got the gold from me. See if you can get it from him."

By a process of elimination it was found that the message had been sent from Fort Bridger. Rockwell went there, picked up the trail again, and finally got his man, in Butte, Montana.

INDIANS along this desert stretch of road are reported to have been comparatively peaceful and even helpful at times. However, there are plenty of cases recorded to show that they were bad enough. At Stage Hollow, within twenty-five miles of Salt Lake City, a party of Indians ambushed a stage coach. It was so near to the long established settlements that the driver was making this leg of the run alone and unarmed. The Indians tried to capture him alive, but he fought them off with a monkey - wrench. The Indians later told that he put up a desperate fight, and that they finally had to shoot him from a distance to prevent his killing some of them.

Farther west, in the Fish Springs Mountains, some soldiers who had been sent to guard the road killed several Indians. Escaping warriors spread the news to the main tribe of Goshutes in Deep Creek Valley. Friends and relatives determined to avenge the death of the slain Indians. A party of them rode up into the high Deep Creek Range. When night came on they climbed over the top and traveled northward, parallel to the mountains, to the mouth of Overland Canyon. Here was located an important station that commanded a view of the road from the summit, a few miles westward, to the Fish Springs Mountains, twenty miles to the east. The station was built on a bare, rounded ridge, just where the road drops down a long dugway from the bench to the bottom of the canyon. There was no cover near, but the Indians waited in the bottom of a deep draw about two hundred yards to the south. In the morning six men came out of the bunkhouse. Five went to tend the stock, and the other to prepare breakfast in a dugout built just under the brow of the hill on the side away from the Indians. The five attendants finished their work, looked over the country, but saw nothing, and went to the dugout for breakfast, leaving their guns in the bunkhouse. The Indians quickly climbed the hill, and with a yell charged down on the dugout. Four of the men were killed where they sat, but two broke through the doorway and raced for the canyon. These were riddled with bullets within fifty yards.



ORIN PORTER ROCKWELL

ROCKWELL'S WELL AT POINT LOOKOUT

INDIANS in Deep Creek and Ruby valley caused considerable trouble. At one time they were barely prevented from attacking Deep Creek, or Ibapah, itself, which was even then quite a large farming community. The warriors were considerably daunted by the fearless, unyielding attitude of Howard Egan and a few others of his stamp, and finally moved on up the valley. A little later clouds of smoke were seen to the westward, and the people knew that the station about eight miles west of the town, on the Nevada line, had been attacked.

While the posse was gathering, a cloud of dust appeared along the road and the east-bound stage came racing in, a passenger guiding the six frightened horses. Another passenger was crumpled up in the forward boot with a bullet in his head. The stage had been just ready to leave when the attack occurred. The driver had been killed and the passenger wounded by two of the first shots. The other passenger had grabbed the lines and miraculously escaped with his wounded companion.

When the posse reached the station, they found only smoking ruins and the scalped bodies of four men.

The wounded passenger, though part of his skull was shot away, survived, and after a month or so resumed his journey eastward, apparently as well and strong as ever.

HOWARD EGAN, pioneer and pony express rider, had many encounters with hostile Indians and in every case either outwitted them, out-fought them, or by the most audacious display of utter fearlessness prevented trouble. On one occasion he felt sure that the Indians were planning to trap

him somewhere along his run. He rode warily, and just before he reached a certain sharp turn in Overland Canyon, he sensed danger. Checking his horse, he peered around the bend and saw a party of Indians crouching in the brush, waiting for him. If he had come down the road at his usual fast gallop he would have ridden right into their trap. He withdrew a little to consider. The canyon walls were so steep that he could not leave the road. The only other canyon he could follow was some six miles out of his way, and if the Indians were really determined to capture him, they would no doubt have that guarded also. So he pulled out both his pistols, drove the spurs into his horse's flanks and with a wild yell burst around the curve, both guns a-roaring. Out of the tail of his eye he saw Indians falling over each other in a frantic attempt to reach shelter. In a moment Egan had rounded the next sharp turn and was safe again.

The Indians told him later that the ambush was no play party. They were out to get his scalp. But when he charged around the point like a cannon ball, they thought a whole army was right on them.

SUCH tales might be recounted almost endlessly. Some have been recorded, others still exist in the West's great unwritten history, and still others have been forgotten. Sixty years have passed since the last concord coach climbed to the top of Lookout and started the long trip across the desert. But the old road remains, like the abandoned stream-bed of a shifting river. The shadscale have closed in a little, and storms have washed out the road in places. At intervals one comes across other evidences of the days when the Overland Stage and the Pony Express were among the greatest institutions of the West. Old buildings and cedar-post corrals remain at the Faust Ranch, sixty miles southwest of Salt Lake. Here Dr. Faust, a notable character of the Great Basin, maintained a large ranch and a sort of "division point" on the road. This ranch was one of Porter Rockwell's headquarters. There is still a tiny cemetery here, on a bare hill beside the present state highway. Some of the forgotten mounds bear mute testimony to the swift justice of those days, and some represent the desert's toll of travelers and settlers.

At Simpson Springs, thirty miles farther west, part of the old rock station house is standing, and a few years ago the disabled running-gear of a coach stood in a corner of the fence. It is gone now. Probably some sheepherder in distress commandeered it, reconditioned it with twentieth century baling wire, and put it into service as an emergency commissary wagon.

ONE may still find pieces of wire and the stumps of poles, relics of the first transcontinental telegraph line. In fact every mile of the road fairly teems with interest. This is especially true on a clear night, with a full moon flooding the desert with a light almost as bright as that of day. The long, straight road leading down from Simpson to Riverbed stands out on such a night with startling clearness. Indian Mountain, the Buttes, Table and Dugway mountains stand at attention in the weird light. The whole desert seems tense, as if waiting expectantly for something; and one finds himself scanning earnestly the far-off shadows that seem to form and move, and then dissolve again, down the broad white road toward Riverbed.

A few days ago I left my car and walked along the road a little way to take a picture. Suddenly I heard a strange noise for such surroundings. Looking upward, I saw a mail plane droning across the sky on its way to the coast. It carried letters at five cents each, and averaged more than a hundred miles an hour, rain or shine, in comparative security. I was standing on the road where but a few short years ago the pony express broke all speed records, carrying letters at five dollars apiece, doing well to average fifteen or sixteen miles an hour, in favorable weather and traveling in anything but security.

The Overland Stage and the Pony Express were short lived, but they performed a priceless service to the West, and to travel over the old road now is like paying a visit to some great hero of the past who still lives, though his period of glorious activity is over.

Mormon Boy Crowned World's Greatest Athlete

[*Continued from page 651*]

When Mortensen goes into the 1932 Olympic Games as the favorite to win the all-around title, some interesting data on his ability as compared to that of Richards will have been provided. Meanwhile Coach Dean Cromwell anticipates that his star protege will be even better in the Olympics than he was this season in the A. A. U. games.

DURING the school session, Mortensen teaches physical education and coaches the athletic teams of the Riverside Junior college in California. Since he finished his collegiate career in 1930, Jesse has represented the Los Angeles Athletic club in its track and basketball campaigns. His pleasing personality and fine physique attract the spectators immediately. Six feet, two inches in height and weighing 185 pounds, he stands out as the model American specimen.

At home in Thatcher, America's greatest athlete is a leader in the male chorus of the Mutual Improvement Association and an active scout leader. What a break for the boy scouts of Thatcher, to have a world's champion for their chieftain!

One of Mortensen's best boosters is Jesse A. Udall, bishop of Thatcher ward, who expresses his admiration for his youthful but nevertheless famous member in these words:

"The people of Thatcher ward and the 'Mormon' folks of Arizona generally are very proud of the athletic accomplishments of this young man and of Jesse Mortensen, himself. In his modest, gentlemanly manner he has made numerous friends for himself and the members of the Church in this territory.

"What would you like, my dear, as a gift from us?" The lady was as nice as she was beautiful, as lovely as her clothes.

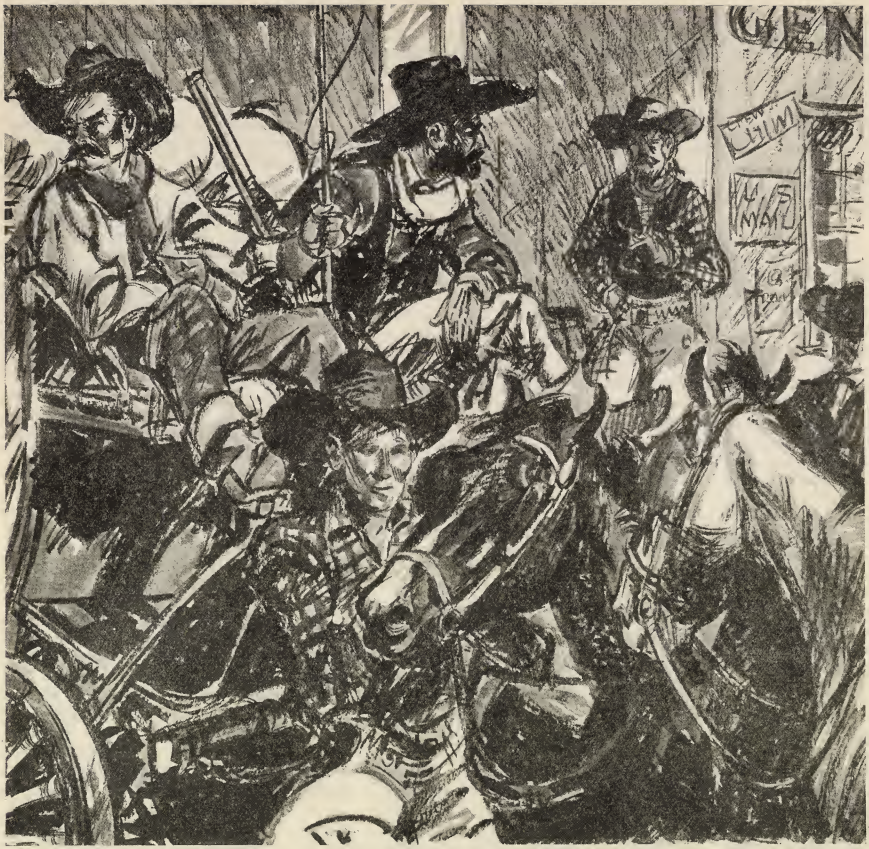
A Daughter of Martha

CHAPTER TWO

By
IVY WILLIAMS STONE

WINTER found the Kirkman family safely established in a one-room log house, with a lean-to where the four boys slept. The finding of the precious five hundred dollars had made the home possible. Who was there to comment on the width of the floor boards, or to cast disparaging remarks about the dirt roof? Who else could boast better than four pane windows! Gloria felt a pardonable pride in this new home; a board floor to keep spotlessly scrubbed; a *step-stove* to polish.

Margaret Kirkman had never seen snow. The first was attractive and fascinating, but as it gathered for months, piling against the lone window, drifting under the floor, clinging to the stove wood and chilling her to the marrow, she needed to remember how it packed in the mountains and made crops possible another year. Margaret Kirkman had never done a washing. The black Kafir women in Africa had been faithful, if slow, servants. Now came the necessity for home-made soaps, for carrying water and heating it, for boiling tree barks to make a blue-



ing, for grating potatoes to make starch. The boys had to have heavy woolen socks to meet the severe cold, and this task fell to the nimble-fingered Gloria. She soon mastered the technique of needles and stitches and with the coming of spring she allotted herself a "sock a day." As she herded the cows on the nearby hills, her fingers automatically guided the needles, while her thoughts wandered through kaleidoscopic glory. She wanted to learn, to study, to read—there were marvelous tales in books—doors that opened to new worlds. That famous Jenny Lind had been a little girl with a voice. Gloria tried her voice on church hymns, but a robin she had been watching fled in surprise, and the echo was unpleasant.

GRINDING wheat in a coffee mill for flour, carding, spinning and dyeing wool for the weavers, dressing the game which her brothers caught, making candles from tallow, gathering and drying berries for winter—these constituted her tasks. She ate her coarse foods with a youthful zest, although she did not know that dandelion greens contained any essential vitamins. She filled her pockets with whole wheat when she went to herd, unmindful of the calories of energy which it contained. She only knew that she was young and joyous and happy, that life in the mountains was very busy and very sweet.

In May of sixty-five came the news of the close of the Civil War. Margaret Kirkman could not understand why negroes should be *free men*. Equal rights with the white race! She shuddered, remembering the black Kafirs and the atrocities they committed.

"I'm glad we're far beyond them," she rejoiced.

"I wonder what Confederate currency is worth now," grinned Stephen, remembering the sharkster who had tried to make the trade.

Following quickly came the

news of the death of President Lincoln. An *actor* had become a *murderer*. Gloria, who had been practicing elocution with secret ambitions as she herded the cows and knitted, felt a sudden shame. Did all actors turn into murderers? The hillside had been her stage; the cows her audience, the sego lillies her bouquets. It was weeks before she resumed rehearsals.

TO Gloria the daily passage of the stage was an important event. The red and green coaches, the galloping horses, the debonair drivers, the armed guards waving their Colts, and the fashionably dressed passengers represented a life beyond the hills. She had been obliged to watch and admire this daily event from the hills as she guarded the flock. Occasionally some thoughtful person returned the waved greeting of the child. On her fourteenth birthday her brother George left his woodcutting and tended the herd while Gloria celebrated by "dressing up," and visiting the stage station. She had a daring hope. If one of those marvelous ladies spoke to her, she would give her an arrowhead. Several perfect ones clinked in her pocket as she hurried along.

THE four horse equipage rolled into the station at what seemed a terrific speed, the mail bags swinging, the horses frothing, the driver waving his whip. He was a magnificent person in a linen duster, with a broad-rimmed hat and yellow gloves. He tossed his reins to an admiring lackey, who hung greedily upon his faintest smile. The horses were flecked with foam. They had galloped ten miles. The guard laid down his shot-gun and two revolvers. Inside the coach, ladies with their hair confined in "water fall" nets, shook out their long bustled skirts and smoothed down their tight basques.

Such marvelous colors—blue and brown and plum! What wondrous ruffles and flounces. The men were all bearded and erect, with braid decorated coats. Every passenger and every detail of the coach represented a life which was withheld from the eager Gloria, and which she yearned to experience.

What possbile treasure might be hidden in those dusty mail bags? Gold, maybe, from San Francisco. How rich these people must be to pay two hundred dollars for the trip East. How like lightning they traveled, taking only sixteen days from 'Frisco to St. Louis.

A kindly-faced woman smiled at Gloria. She did not see the homespun dress nor the coarse, heavy shoes. She saw only hair of gold above a beautiful, eager, childish face.

"What a glorious crown!" she cried. "Look, Edgar."

Edgar was engrossed in a book. "A desert crown," he smiled absently.

"Would you like an arrow head?" Gloria was surprised at her own courage, as she offered a choice, perfect flint.

THE lady cried out with delight, while the other passengers exclaimed and admired. The gentleman called Edgar reached toward his pocket.

"I suppose you want money?" his voice carried the cynicism of the traveler. But Gloria created a sensation by shaking her head.

"What would you like, my dear, as a gift from us?" The lady was as nice as she was beautiful, as lovely as her clothes. Gloria could only point at the book which the man held, for speech had deserted her.

"Why, Edgar, the child wants your old book. Milton would be gratified to know a child of the desert wants his poems."

The man called Edgar became serious. "We will send you books from St. Louis, little girl. Books you can read. Books for girls." In her gratitude Gloria put her remaining arrow heads into their laps.

Gloria stood petrified, knowing that a telltale streak of smoke from the chimney had showed the house was not deserted.

The hostlers came out with fresh horses. The driver climbed leisurely to his seat, and deigned to accept the reins which were held up to him. A red tassel gleamed on the tip of the long whip which he cracked dexterously over the heads of the impatient steeds. Just at that crucial moment Stephen Kirkman's slow, lumbering oxen pulled in from the cross road, dragging some hardgotten fire logs.

INSTANTLY the driver became angry that a native had dared to cross his path. He cracked the long, tasseled whip menacingly toward Stephen and cried raucously:

"Clar the road! Get out of my way with your bull team!"

A second time the whip came dangerously near Stephen, who could not increase the speed of his oxen. As the driver made ready to swing the whip a third time, it made a downward sweep, 'ere he raised his arm. As though she had been trained for the part, Gloria displayed a marvelous agility. With a sudden upward leap she caught the whip in a viselike grip and instantly wrenched it from the hand of the surprised driver. The little pug nose dilated with anger, and deep red suffused her face and neck as she cried angrily:

"Don't you dare strike my brother!"

"Give me that whip!" ordered the driver.

Gloria glanced quickly toward Stephen, who was now nearly over the street.

"Come and get it," she called and tossed the disputed leather into the dust, as she darted to Stephen for protection.

A hostler picked up the whip, cleaned it on his own shirt, and handed it to the driver. The whip cracked, the stage jolted and they were off.

For days Gloria Kirkman was the talk of the little village. She had dared to thwart a stage driver! Why, they could dispense favors or punishment as they willed. They exerted a real power. Who else but the flame-haired Gloria

would dare to cross a wearer of lemon colored gloves?

AFTER what seemed ages to the eager child, packages bearing an enormous postage began to arrive. They were addressed merely to "The little girl who wears a golden crown." *Uncle Tom's Cabin, McGuffy's Complete Readers,* a book on natural science, *Ray's Arithmetic, Wilson's Speller and Whittier's Poems.* Through the long winter Gloria knitted with fresh energy that she might have more time for the precious books. She taxed the family's supply of candles as she studied and memorized. She spelled down her brothers and all the other children of the village. The days were too short for the things she wanted to learn.

Spring brought news of the Indian depredations in southern Utah. Margaret Kirkman became pale and ate even less than usual. When the call came for enlistments the four Kirkman boys, all tall and bronzed and skilled riflemen, marched away. Their mother did not try to stop them, but gave them a copy book for letter paper. She bit her lips to restrain emotion. Gloria trembled as she tried to fashion neat bundles of the socks she had knit for them. Black men—white men—red men; what difference did it make when the lust to kill filled their hearts?

"Indians are as wicked as the Kafirs," whispered Margaret Kirkman. "Their scalping knives are as deadly as the assagais. Only a month ago they killed fifteen men in a stage station in Colorado."

The necessity for labor gave Gloria no time to lament her brothers' absence. She and her mother had to plow the field and seed the precious wheat. In a short time their supply of wood was exhausted, and Gloria had to gather oak brush for fuel. The early drought made irrigation necessary. While she guided the cold snow water over the fields and milked the one cow and guarded the sheep as they foraged, Gloria dreamed of better days to come. She felt all the emotions which had stirred Maud Muller when she raked her father's field:

"A wish that she hardly dared to own
For something better than she had known."

SHE wanted better things than her life offered. She wanted beauty in all her surroundings. Books were her crying passion. A chance to study, to learn, to experience all emotions. Her youth and vigor and health cried out for expression. The arithmetic was memorized; the copy of Whittier's was worn from usage; the McGuffy readers had whetted her appetite for broader vistas. Even in her youth she had read and re-read the Book of Mormon.

The wheat was beginning to head before the boys came back

"I need you, Crown of Glory," he pleaded. More than his words, Gloria noticed his collar had been scorched in the ironing.

from their ninety days' enlistment. The letters from her father in far away Africa were few and irregular, and were always torn and opened upon arrival. He spoke of coming soon, but always something intervened. Every letter contained a reference to enclosed money, but it never reached its destination. Now, while his sons were away fighting Indians, John Kirkman wrote of wonderful news:

"A marvelous thing has happened to our Africa. A Boer's child hunted pretty rocks on a river bank. One especially attractive proved to be a diamond. It stood the real test. The Boer namcd Jacobs sold his farm for fifty times its previous value. Another stone was found on the Vaal River. Twenty-two carats. Diamonds have been found where Gloria was born. I enclose a five pound note. I will see how quickly I can get rich and bring it all to my family in Utah.

"J. Kirkman."

THERE was no money in the letter. As they read this startling news, Gloria and her mother sat at a rough pine table, lighted by a flickering candle. The four chairs were home-made, their bed was a straw tick on rope slats. The fire in the stepstove was extinguished to save fuel. Outside, the lone cow mooed plaintively and a distant coyote howled his weird notes.

"O, Mother," cried Gloria romantically, "why didn't we stay? Diamonds, on the very spot where I was born!"

"Diamonds are not life—Gloria—nor religion. Here we can worship in freedom. Here we, at least are safe. What behooves riches when you are dead? Perhaps your father will bring you some diamonds when he comes. If our sons return safely, they will be all the riches I crave."

A FEW days later when the entire settlement except Gloria had gone to watch "Drill Day," she saw a band of Indians rounding the dugway which led into the village. They were an entire tribe—moving. Tent poles, pack horses, squaws, papooses, painted warriors, flies and dust. Gloria had been spinning and singing:

"Forty threads make a knot—"
"He spoke to the River Tiber that rolls on to the sea;"
"Ten knots make a skein—"
"How big was Alexander, Pa, was he so very high?"

She stopped abruptly, the height of King Alexander frozen upon her lips. The Indians were *stopping.* A squaw was coming toward the house, carrying a papoose. Finally a young Indian dismounted and overtook her. Gloria rushed to the one window and dropped the muslin curtain. She fastened the single door with the green drop pole. Then she waited and prayed, remembering the Indian who had sought to buy her on the plains. As the squaw

[*Continued on page 692*]

Largo

By E. W. TAYLOR

Illustrated by Fielding K. Smith

THE great church was overlaid with a black hush; inside were many people praying. A Bishop stood with calm features. The majesty of his office was impressed upon the listeners. Then he spoke a few words of comfort to the bereaved, who listened with bared souls.

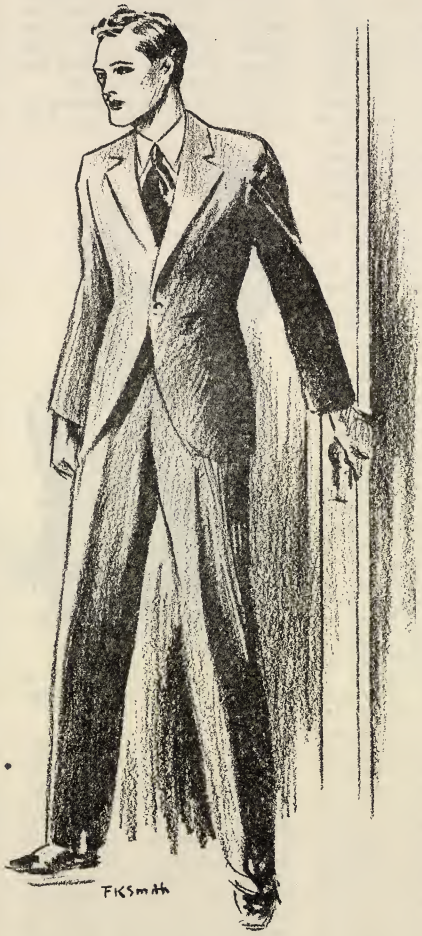
"He was a man of God," said the Bishop with a glance at the flower-enshrouded coffin. "Is there more that man can say?"

Mrs. Merrilla Jackson heard him with hard bright eyes. It was her brother who was dead. Instead of weeping she stared very, very hard at the fluttering candles. They seemed symbolic of life's frailty. A little gust of wind. . . . She found herself gripping the psalm book with a tightness that paled her knuckles to a blue white.

SHE was a New Englander, staunch in her beliefs; firmly convinced of the superiority of her parentage, the best Bostonian extract. She was primly conscious of the sixty years which hung upon her with dignified grace like mellow sunlight upon old oak. There was something about her that suggested oak, well seasoned and hardy—almost harsh. Beside her sat an only daughter, not duly impressed by an uncle's death.

The organ was playing now. Silvery peals of music, the loveliest of all pieces — at least so thought Merrilla. *Largo!* Of all the lofty strains from Handel, the tender notes from *Largo* inspired her the most. Suddenly the high poise of her head lowered; tears flowed freely. Strange enough Merrilla could not have told whether it was from sorrow which she was weeping or the voice of music throbbing and probing on a tender chord in her breast.

Her daughter sat somber-eyed and silent, evidently wishing that the service would end. The relationship between mother and daughter was not of complete understanding. Mary was too modern. She had a will of her own, went where she pleased and chose her own friends. Not that Mrs. Jackson did not have implicit faith in her daughter. She placed too much trust in her only child. And Mary was a dutiful and moral child. But—she had a mind of her own. . . .



IN the high-vaulted drawing room Merrilla was interrupted from her reading by the sound of laughter coming from the garden. She frowned in contemplation of the source of that laughter, a young man who had often frequented the old mansion. He was a nice young man, but evidently not the right sort for Mary to associate with. Mrs. Jackson often frowned at Mary's friends. But Mrs. Jackson was not always consulted. She harbored growing uneasiness about the youngster but did not know just what she could do to remedy the source of her irritation. The premonition of coming disaster haunted her. She hardly knew the fellow—in fact she knew nothing about him, not the least thing. All she could do was wait.

It came on a Sunday evening. She was reading a book. His golden hair and ruddy cheeks faced her from the door which was half closed behind him.

"What do you want?" she asked with a faint trace of severity.

He walked toward her, planted his feet wide apart, and thrust a squared jaw forward.

"I want your permission to marry your daughter," he said.

THERE ensued a silence marred only by the quick sound of Mrs. Jackson sharply inhaling her breath. It had come!

"I thought that you should know," the young man went on softly. "You see we are in love. I—er—she loves me and we want to be married."

"Well—" she demanded irritably. "Go on."

"There isn't any more to say," answered the young man with astounding simplicity. "Mary loves me."

"Mary loves you?" repeated the woman, still somewhat unnerved by the information.

She inspected her visitor more closely. She noted a pair of deep blue eyes full of boyish unsophistication which somehow grated upon her nerves. Surely she must be dreaming. It couldn't be true.

"Don't you think that this has gone far enough?" she smiled. The smile was not altogether a pleasant one; she might have been dismissing an inefficient servant.

"No ma'am, I don't think it has. It is being married that I've come to see you about."

"Where is Mary?" asked the woman.

The young man nodded towards the next room. "In there."

MRS. JACKSON thought rapidly. Could it be possible that she was to lose her daughter to this uncultured fellow? She raised her voice.

"Mary; come here!"

A head appeared immediately from behind a door—an oaken door ,massive and imposing. The head was golden like that of the boy. The smile was frank and open—although a little worried.

"Come here!"

Following the golden head there appeared a slim girlish body that was redundant with youthful energy.

Then Mrs. Jackson looked at her daughter reproachfully, which for a moment smothered the anger that was threatening to burst forth in an avalanche of blame.

"Mary!" she began. "What is the meaning of this? Tell me it isn't true. Tell me that this young fool is only playing a joke upon me."

MARY leveled a steady glance upon her mother. "It's true. I love him—we love each other. Now mother, be a good sport and take it standing up."

"But what do you know about him? Who is he? Where did he come from? I couldn't permit such a thing. No; I won't hear of it," Merrilla stormed.

The young man appeared confident. "I think that I can answer all of those questions satisfactorily. My name is John—John Burns. I haven't very much money but I am making a good enough salary to start out on. You see I am an engineer."

Merrilla was seemingly unimpressed by this disclosure. In fact she glowered in a manner most disconcerting.

"Now—as to where I am from. We—that's easy. I am from Utah."

MRS. JACKSON lifted her head with surprise stamped upon every feature. From Utah. That was interesting. Did he by any chance know any Mormons? Of course he did. He was probably acquainted with a great many. A swift suspicion poisoned her mind.

"I don't think that in this day and age that it should make any difference," the fellow continued. "But—well, you see, I am a Mormon—a full fledged one."

Mrs. Jackson gasped. This was too much. At first she thought that she was going to faint. After a moment of giddy and sickening struggle to free herself from this dream—it must be a dream, a horrible nightmare—she regained a fair measure of her self-control. She confronted her daughter with fear in her eyes.

"And you? What are you thinking of? Are you out of your senses?"

The girl shook her head gravely. "No; I think that I know full well what I am doing. I think that I shall join the Church myself. I am quite convinced that it is the greatest thing in the world."

This revelation caused Mrs. Merrilla Jackson to feel like screaming. But she only sat down and regarded her daughter with a vacant stare. Horror reigned within her soul. A devastating feeling of impotency strangled the words that rose to condemn.

* * *

A LONELY woman stared bitterly at the destiny that mocked her. More and more she turned to music to seek the comfort of soul that was somehow denied her. In distant Utah her only daughter had made a home. She had even joined a detested Church. Estrangement and separation had followed. Could she ever forget?

Tonight she was to listen to a great symphony orchestra with its incomparable leader from across the sea. Leiden. He stepped upon the stage with an elaborate bow. The first strains that swept through the great hall were those of *Largo*. Merrilla listened with pounding pulse. It came to her as a tonic. It swept away the barriers to her soul. She found herself biting a lower lip in an effort to keep back the tears that gathered in her eyes. A strange fire burned in her heart.

But after that wonderful demonstration of harmony she found herself again troubled and desolated. *Largo* passed like a dream.

* * *

ON a gloomy rainy Monday in late September Mer-

[*Continued on page 696*]

"He picked up the poor, water-drenched gal as she waz jest comin' to."

Trailer of Evergreen

By

LIEUTENANT SIDNEY DEGREY

Illustrated by Fielding K. Smith

OLD Jasper Thomas's dog, I figger, was jest about as rightly named "Trailer" as he could be, fer he'd trail old Jasper all over Evergreen. The lively bird dog and Jasper, it jest seems, wuz allus together. You could hardly see one without seein' tother.

Wal, sir, you know, it wuz a strange thing that brought Trailer to Evergreen. The town of Evergreen, where I run a barber shop, has a pop'lation of about seven hundred souls, and it's a purty progressive settlement—I can say that without exaggeratin' a bit. O' course, you know, business has been a bit slow recent months, but tourists what stop at my shop to get their hair cut and get themselves slicked up, tell me that it's that-a-way all over the nation. There ain't a paper published around here but we know what goes on 'cause Evergreen is right on the transcontinental highway and it's the county seat of Elk County, too. I've seed the tourists get out their maps when they stop here at Evergreen and ask someone standin' by if this wuz Evergreen, but they ain't long a findin' out fer shore, 'cause jest after they turn the bend, they see the court house and they know that this is the county seat. Old Eph Harwood wuz asked that so many times that he has the answer afore they ask the question. Eph is so everlastin'ly hard of hearin' that he couldn't hear what they said anyhow.

MOST of the people here is farmers. We've a cannin' plant and durin' the season some strangers are put to work. And then, too, Jabez Smith and his four sons run a dairy close to town that

hires five men stiddy and a few more when business conditions make it worth his while. Conrad Olson moved here from Minnesota four years back and started a butcher shop and he has done well from the very start. Matilda Beckman has a good millinery 'stablishment, which her Aunt Selina handed down to her, and George Benson, son of old Abraham, who had a lot of learnin' in Kansas City, runs the drug store. The post office ain't very busy now, so Rube Kane takes care of it his'elf. Hi Carter used to be a blacksmith but a few years back he turned auto mechanic. Bein' on the highway, Hi picks up lots of money from them as has their autos go splutterfuss. In fact, I think Hi is about as prosperous a citizen as lives in Evergreen.

Wal, gettin' back to the dog. 'Bout the only way I could 'count fer his bein' here wuz that he must uv fell off a car passin' through Evergreen, and I found that I wuz right. I'll tell you how it happened.

ONE of them army officers, a Lieutenant Jackson, wuz a goin' through here with his dog a sittin' on the runnin' board of his car, and jest as he turned the bend to the left, the dog jest keeled off.

I heerd that this officer wuz transferred from a post in Wyomin' to Fort Leavenworth, up in the north end of the state. They say that while the young feller wuz in Wyomin' he up and bought this dog from some breeder who gave him some fancy papers attestin' that he wuz a purebred and this dog, he shore did look like one, fer I never seed a better Irish Water Spaniel in these parts, and I have seed a lot of 'em 'cause these city sports come to the Evergreen Gun Club fer duck shootin' on the lake when the season is on, and bring some purty slick dogs along with them to retrieve the ducks. This here dog, Trailer, had a right smart head, full of curls, with long ears and a liver-colored coat that shone like sixty.

Wal, sir, you know Jasper wuz on his way to his office in the court house, one freezin' cold November mornin' when he run across the poor little critter all huddled up and seemin' to be waitin' for his master to come back and pick him up. When the dog spied Jasper, he walked up to him delighted-like and old Jasper patted his soft, flossy coat and they wuz friends right away. Kind-hearted old Jasper took the homeless dog over to Conrad's meat market and saw to it that he had a square meal.

There wuzn't nobody could separate them two—except, it wuz Mary Catherine, old Jasper's daughter. I don't know how it wuz, unless she inherited it from her dad, but Mary Catherine liked all kinds of shootin', and I guess Trailer liked her for that reason.

OLD Jasper had sent Mary Catherine to Kansas City to get some learnin' but she wuz a lot different to most of them college gals she mixed with there. She took after Jasper a lot; had his mischievous brown eyes. When she laughed, and she wuz allus laughin,' you could shore see old Jasper's laugh in her. She wuz sort o' slender, had auburnish hair and wuz the purtiest gal in Evergreen. Leastways I allus thought so. She shore looked right smart when she was all decked out in her huntin' clothes. Ever since she wuz a little tot, Jasper took her with him a shootin' ducks, and the kid, she jest got to love it. The other gals 'round here used to say that she wuz a tom-boy, but she wuz shore there on gettin' her limit of ducks.

When she went away to school, she organized the first gal's rifle and pistol team at school and ever'body kinda liked her tom-boyish ways.

"Trailer of Evergreen"

She allus came home fer two weeks at Christmas time to be with her folks and to get in on the duck shootin' on the lake. So this certain season she came to Evergreen about two weeks afore Christmas and wuz goin' out to the lake about as often as the duck club would let her. O' course, ever'time she'd go, Trailer went along with her and retrieved her shoot. Jasper couldn't allus go, 'cause he was justice of the peace and town marshal and his business sometimes kep' him from it. But you couldn't keep the dog from goin' with the gal.

Wal, sir, you know there wuz two of them army officers came down from Fort Leavenworth, havin' heerd that there wuz some shootin' a goin' on hereabouts, and, say, one of them wuz Lieutenant Jackson. He looked fine, too, all slicked up in his uniform. They figgered that the justice of the peace knowed how they could get in on the shoot, and so they called on Jasper. Wal, o' course, Jasper told 'em you had to be a member of the gun club afore you could shoot, but bein' secretary of the club he could give 'em guest privilege and so he fixed them up that-a-way.

JASPER'S wife wuz dead, but recent years the Widder Clark had boarded him. O' course, Jasper kep' house the best way he could when his daughter wuz away, but the Widder Clark, she wuz kinda sweet on him. She mended his socks and such-like, and she allus knowed the best way to cook ducks—like his wife had done.

Wal, Jasper up and invited the officers to shoot the next mornin', which was two days afore Christmas, with his daughter Mary Catherine and his'elf.

It jest seemed that when Lieutenant Jackson first seed Mary Catherine he couldn't help but take a likin' to her, but the funny part of it wuz that the dog had somethin' to do with bringin' 'em together and I'll tell you how it wuz.

Mind you, the lieutenant never knowed where he lost Trailer, but when they wuz all ready to start in the mornin', Mary Catherine called Trailer and what do you think happened. Trailer made a bee line right straight to Lieutenant Jackson, jumped up on him and barked as if he wuz tickled to death. He hadn't fergot his old master. Then Jasper 'splained to the officer how he had found the dog and taken care of him ever since. O' course, the Lieutenant wuz glad to see his old dog, but natchurly said that he wuz goin' to leave him fer Jasper and Mary Catherine, 'cause he figgered the dog rightly belonged to them.

THEY all went to the Widder Clark's fer breakfast. She had her house all slicked up with Christmas decorations, such as holly and bells a hangin' all over. The widder allus liked to make a show 'round Christmas time. We all liked her. She had a big heart —social-like—and ever'body wuz welcome to her house.

Wal, they piled their guns, decoys and such-like into Lieutenant Jackson's sedan. Jasper had borried two more dogs. They drove out to the lake, Mary Catherine a sittin' in the front seat 'cause the officer had invited her to.

It ain't but 'bout four miles to the lake and if the road ain't got too much snow on it or ain't been frozen, you can make it in 'bout fifteen minutes.

The blinds out there on the lake are 'bout two blocks 'part from one another. Tullies were put 'round the pits so all they had to do wuz to put out their decoys and wait fer the ducks. Mary Catherine took the blind she wuz most used to at the far end; Lieutenant Jackson, he wuz next to her and then Jasper and the other army officer.

Wal, sir, every one was gettin' a good shoot, but fer some reason, Mary Catherine wuzn't lucky, so she figgered she'd better move over to 'nother blind. She wuz walking along to the next one, when all of a sudden—blooey! She fell into an old sink box that wuz jest coated with water and when she fell, she hit her right knee and her forehead so hard that it knocked her unconscious.

Now, that dog, Trailer, he wuz right close by her and he seed her perdicament. As fast as the little critter could, he run to Lieutenant Jackson, jest a barkin' fer all he wuz worth.

THE officer jest couldn't figger what in tarnation wuz the matter, but when the dog jumped up and grabbed his arm and run the same way he came, why then he knowed that he meant fer him to foller. So he run full speed to where Mary Catherine lay, the dog a leadin' him all the way.

He picked up the pore, water-drenched gal as she wuz jest comin' to, and rushed her to his sedan. She wuz nearly froze when she got there, but he wrapped the blankets they brought with them 'round her and speeded up his car, fast as he could to the Widder Clark's house.

The widder lost no time and purty soon she had some of her own dry clothes on Mary Catherine, put her to bed, and dressed her wounds. They called old Doc' Sprague but the gal, she wuz all right, 'cept she wuz exposed to the cold so much that there wuz danger of somethin' goin' wrong afterward. The widder kep' her in bed the next day and that night she set up and ever-body made it seem like Christmas Eve fer her, 'specially the lieutenant. He was a talented chap. He played the widder's organ fer her and after supper the carol singers serenaded them and they had a right nice time.

Wal, o' course, the next day, Christmas, the lieutenant he jest up and proposed to Mary Catherine and he hadn't finished announcin' it at dinner, afore old Jasper got up and told 'em that he and the widder had decided to get married, too.

So, we allus figgered hereabouts that the lieutenant got two Christmas gifts by comin' to Evergreen to shoot—Mary Catherine and his old dog.

Covered Wagon Days

[*Continued from page 653*]

golden spike at Promontory, Utah. Stirring music and miniature trains bearing small passengers, made this scene distinctly impressive.

THE final episode of the pageant represented our modern ideals, the last scene opening with a dance by Miss Aida Broadbent, symbolizing the future of Utah. At the close of the dance Miss Pioneer and her attendants advanced to the center of the stage, followed by soldiers bearing flags, and finally by bands, marching on to the field where all joined with the chorus in singing "The Star Spangled Banner."

No one who was there and felt the spirit of those dauntless heroes will ever forget the picture of that finale. The martial music, the flying flags, the brilliant costumes and fireworks, all combined to make an impression that will endure as long as the memory of the pioneers.

Divine services concluded the week of festivities. It was fitting that they should be held in the Tabernacle, although they were non-sectarian. This building and its great organ were planned and built by pioneers and if there were any public place where their spirits might hover it would be here.

The impressive services, presided over by H. J. Plumhof, were participated in by men of various creeds, all joining in sincere praise of the stalwart band of brave-hearted men and women who established this commonwealth. How little the latter imagined that some day thousands of people would gather undisturbed to honor them and their deeds!

SUCH celebrations as this are capable of an incalculable amount of good. Among outsiders they arouse intense interest in the history of our state and awake tremendous sympathy in the tragic circumstances which made this valley such a haven for those harassed wanderers.

Most important of all, however, is the result gained among our own membership. No descendant of the pioneers could witness a demonstration of their struggles or hear tales of their hardships without thrilling with a determination to carry on the ideals for which they paid so high a price.

"Dream, O Youth! Dream nobly, dream manfully. . . ."

—*R. J. C.*

A Sermon on a Watermelon

By ORA LEWIS

SAY,
Speaking of preaching
The best sermon I ever preached
In my life
Was a sermon on a watermelon. . .
Honest . . . no fooling . . .

It was 'long about
the middle of July.
I'd been in Germany a whole year.
I got to thinking about home and watermelon-time,
And about how I used to go out in the melon patch
And pick out a big green fellow that plunked just right,
And break it over my knee;
And then take out the heart and eat it,
And then pick out another — a nice, big juicy one—
And another
Until I was so full
I could have busted from bliss . . .
And, like I say,
I got to thinking about it
And talking about it
Until the members in the branch there
Thought I had water—I mean watermelon on the brain.
Finally one of the good old brothers said to me
"The only place I know of to get watermelons
Is in Budapest."
"Well," I said,
"Just how far is Budapest?"
"Oh," he said, "only a couple of countries away."
"Pretty far to go for a couple of watermelons," I said.

YES, you're right.
But I'll tell you what—
My wife and I know a lady . . .
And her husband sails a boat
Back and forth down the Danube River
From here to Budapest . . .
If you want to
We'll go with you to the dock tomorrow
To see if we can't get him to bring you one of those blamed things
You don't seem to think you can go on living without."

So next morning
We went down to the docks
And met the lady and her husband.
He sort of chuckled to himself when we told him what we wanted
But he said, "Sure,
I'll bring you back a couple of dozen, if you'd like."

THEN we talked awhile to his wife
About the weather and what not
And all the time
She was smoking cigarettes
So fast I couldn't tell when she left off one
And started another.
So I said to the good old brother
I'm afraid she wouldn't make a very good "Mormon."
"No," he said, "I'm afraid not.
She smokes from twenty-five to thirty a day."
And then we left.

Next night
We went down to the dock again
And watched the boats come in
And we talked to the man's wife,
And she said, "Say,
Who are you anyway"?
And I said, "Why lady,
We're missionaries."
"That's funny,' 'she said,
"I thought you were.
What do you believe?"
Well,
I was thinking more about those watermelons
Than I was about preaching a sermon
And I blurted out pretty blunt-like, I guess,
"O, we believe in God,
And we believe men will be like him someday
If they work hard enough
And that means they have to have good *minds*—
And so we believe in study and travel . . .
And good *bodies*—
And that means we believe in eating good food
And taking exercise, and not dissipating,
And not smoking or drinking, or doing things like that."
And when I said that
She looked at me mighty funny-like
And I was glad about that time to see the boats come in. . . .

Well, we got our watermelons
And I'll swear I never tasted any so good.

Next morning when we went to church
All the members had a good laugh over us. . .
But I didn't care much.
I was too busy thinking about that lady.
Because there she was sitting on the back row
Drinking in every word we had to say.

WHEN the meeting was over
She came up

[*Continued on page 687*]

Greatness in Men

[*Continued from page 642*]

haps we meet them and do not recognize them. For a man to die a pigmy who might have been a giant seems a tragedy. Great events bring forth great men. When Fort Sumpter was fired upon U. S. Grant was keeping books in a leather store for $75.00 per month. His generalship was not discovered until the great war was well under way and the greatness of his heart was not discovered until he reached Appomatox Court House where he displayed a nobility and a magnanimity toward General Lee that challenged the admiration of all his countrymen.

George Washington might have remained a modest but provincial gentleman had not a combination of circumstances brought out the strength and nobility of his character and revealed his matchless leadership.

Lincoln might have remained undiscovered had not the tragedy of a terrible war revealed the strength and sweetness of his character and the clearness and capacity of his thinking.

Lastly, great motives and purposes should be the inspiration for great endeavor.

"The acknowledged great poets are the poets who have exercised a surpassing idealism of mind upon subjects that are fully worthy of their powers, to ends that make the most of their gifts."

IF dominating the lives of many men of acknowledged capacity had been a spirit of righteousness they would be given places of honor in the gallery of the great. If Washington had yielded to the importunities of some of his compatriots to become the military dictator of America his glorious career would have been irreparably blemished. If Alexander of Macedon, Augustus Cæsar, Hernando Cortez, Napoleon Bonaparte and others had likewise been animated by lofty and unselfish motives they would have merited places among the men of exalted fame.

The measure of man's greatness cannot be determined by the things he does. Gutenberg's contribution to printing required no very great genius but the consequences were tremendous. And so with Alexander of Macedon, Columbus and others who were men of fortunate fame—men made greatly famous by achievements.

The historian's test of greatness is not what a man accumulates for himself, not what he builds up that will tumble down after him, not what forces he commands by which to ravage the face of the earth and scourge men; but rather did he make the world better, did he start men thinking along new and constructive lines? Any accepted standard will lead all men ultimately to Jesus of Nazareth as the expression of exalted and perfected manhood and the measure of all men's greatness is determined by the nearness of their approach to Him.

THIS is clearly and effectively set forth by Larned in this estimate of the Master:

"Whether we look upon Jesus as a purely human figure, or as God incarnate, we are generally of one mind in acknowledging that the conceivable man without blemish is represented in his life. If we accept him as the type of a perfected humanity, we can entertain no ideal of human greatness which mutilates that type. This does not imply an excessive rating of moral attributes for these attributes in Jesus were only proportioned to others as they ought to be in every man of acknowledged greatness. By habit of thought we associate him so exclusively with emotions of religion and ideals of moral purity that we are apt to lose sight of his perfections in every other attribute of mind.

"Jesus exhibits to us, not merely the celestial spirit and the transcendent purity which have seemed to be divine, but he shows us every endowment of humanity at its best. If his parables and discourses had come to us with no mark of ascribed divinity on their authorship, I am sure we should have given them the highest of all places in the precious literature of the world. What other poet has joined imagination to reason in forms so perfect, with effects so simple, so powerful, so beautiful, to ends so exalted, as Jesus in the parables by which he taught? From what other philosophy of life has mankind received so much light, so much leading, so much help, as from these parables and from the sayings of the Master, and from his answers to the questioning of followers and foes? What other words that letters have preserved for us are so compact with meaning, yet so simple in the utterance, so straight to their purpose, so entirely without waste? It is only a slight record that we have, of a few passages in the brief life of the great teacher —notes of what fell on few occasions from his lips—repeated in four forms, with little variations and possibly all from one source. If we throw these four gospels into one, canceling the repetitions, we may have all that we know of the talk of Jesus in a little printed pamphlet. * * What a wonderful bit of literature it is! Not as revelation, but as literature, there is nothing else so small in the mountain-heaps of our books that holds nearly so much; nothing else so un-erring in thought, so pure in feeling, so rich in imagination, so perfect in the beauty of simple speech.

"Intellectually, then, as well as morally, our ideal of a perfected humanity is fulfilled in Jesus. Nor was he less complete on that side of his human nature which gave its dauntless energy to the great mission he performed. Calmly, patiently, with no faltering, no fear, no passion, he went straight on to the end of what he had to do, exemplifying the perfection of energy, the perfection of courage, the perfection of will."*

*Study of Greatness in Men.

PIONEERS

[*Continued from page 640*]

THE coming of the "Mormon" Pioneers into the Salt Lake valley, and the colonization policy which sent them into Idaho, Nevada, Arizona and other adjacent states was not a thing of chance. They were not a body of aimless wanderers, going without purpose, they knew not whither. They were a company of intelligent, educated men and women, principally of New England extraction, thoroughly organized, the peers of any of their time, going to a destination which had been carefully decided upon, for the accomplishment of a divine ideal.

They were men of few words, these tillers of the soil and silent riders of the hills and plains, men of unsurpassed courage, but with tender hearts where acts of mercy were required, as was often the case. I have seen them face danger with the courage of Spartans, and perform acts of mercy with the gentleness of women. Profoundly religious, they held in reverential respect the religion of others.

They were not egotists whose vision was confined to their own restricted environment. All they asked was to be left to their own faith and occupation, leaving others to worship as they chose. They were not Pharisees who magnified the faults of others, while blind to their own imperfections, but men who, acknowledging their own weakness, spread

the mantle of charity over those of their fellows. They were just brave plain-spoken men, who worshiped God and served their fellow man.

THESE men were my teachers, the guardians of my youth. They taught me faith in a living God, and service to him; that he is the same good heavenly Father that he has ever been, to bless and direct those who put their trust in him. They taught me loyalty to my country, and obedience to its laws. They taught me, both by precept and example, that I must defraud no man, though the thing may be small. They taught me the fundamentals of integrity, industry, and economy, truths as fundamental today as they were in the beginning of time, and they will remain so throughout eternity.

This is the heritage which the "Mormon" Pioneers bequeathed to me, and all others who would receive their teaching. From the depths of my soul I thank and bless them for that which they gave to me.

Word of Wisdom Exhibit

[*Continued from page 649*]

there is no conflict between true science and true religion. These two sources of truth have ever been equally regarded by Latter-day Saints, for which reasons no rift has ever entered this Church over the alleged incompatibility of man's research and discovery and the revealed Word of God. The harmonious truths taught in this exhibit demonstrated more clearly than ever, that any real truth discovered by man will sustain, and never contravene the truth as revealed by the Almighty.

During the exhibit, thousands of pamphlets were distributed which drive this point home: "Science and the Word of Wisdom" is a splendid little leaflet by Dr. L. Weston Oaks, of the B. Y. U. It caused its many readers to marvel at the forthcoming of the Word of Wisdom, and the subsequent discoveries of the physicist and the chemist which unreservedly endorse its truth.

THE appeal of this educational undertaking went far beyond the pale of the Church. A large percentage of the thousands of visitors were non-"Mormons," and they gave unstinted praise to the quality of the thing they saw, and many were directly converted to the Word of Wisdom.

An interesting side-light on the affair was the fact that a non-"Mormon" minister, residing and ministering in Salt Lake City, after himself visiting the display, openly and enthusiastically urged his entire congregation to see it.

Another gentleman, rather skeptical by nature, wandered into the display and rather boasted that he had been an addicted smoker, but that it had never hurt him a bit. When he saw the apparatus for psychological and physiological experimentation, he challenged the guide to show him that he had been injured in any way by the habits of his life.

In compliance with his wish, he was taken through the various tests and experiments with a young M Man, picked at random from others present, so that comparative scores might be taken. The non-smoker was given the disadvantage of being first at each of the various tests, so that his companion had the added advantage of having observed each test before he was given it. They went together through the whole of the experiments, and their results were carefully scored and tabulated. When they were through it was found that the habitual abstainer had a 50% higher score than the other. The latter was amazed at the results, and said he had never dreamed that he had been hampering himself as the experiments showed he had done; and further that he would forthwith cease to be a user of tobacco. And interesting to know is that some time after the end of the exhibit, he told one of those who had helped give him the tests that his resolve had been no idle gesture, but that he had indeed quit using tobacco at that time, and was firmly determined not to resume its use.

THIS example is unusual because of the complete change of attitude of the gentleman involved, but there were numerous cases of men and boys who threw away their tobacco after seeing the display, and credited their conversion to the things they had seen and learned.

These results were most gratifying, quite naturally, to those who had given the idea of such an exhibit its fulfillment by their intelligent and thoroughly efficient work. Its consequent good can of course not be measured, directly or exactly, but its wholesome and uplifting influence has already spread into the homes and communities whence its visitors came, and is there bearing fruit.

The counsel and promise of the Lord were emphasized, who said that this Word of Wisdom was not a hard taskmaster for which facts its disobedience might be excused; but on the contrary that it is "Adapted to the capacity of the weak and the weakest of all Saints, who are or can be called Saints;" and given, as he further says, "For a principle with promise," that promise being: "And all Saints who remember to keep and do these sayings, walking in obedience to the commandments, shall receive health in their navel, and marrow to their bones: and shall find wisdom and great treasures of knowledge even hidden treasures; and shall run and not be weary, and shall walk and not faint. And I, the Lord give unto them a promise, that the destroying angel shall pass by them, as the children of Israel, and not slay them."

It is of course always regrettable that the number of people who can see such an exhibit is essentially limited. In this case, however, the information used is available to any ward, stake, or branch of the Church, and the exhibit might well and profitably be reproduced, on a smaller scale, in the various parts of the Church, where it would unquestionably result in the blessing of all those whom it reached.

Glancing Through

Summaries of Outstanding Magazine Articles*

By
ELSIE T. BRANDLEY

The Art of Hitch-Hiking

By HUGH HARDYMAN

(*New Republic for July* 31, 1931)

WITH summer there has come again that peculiar American phenomenon — the hitch-hiker, who yearly rides whereever he wants to go, in spite of auto club warnings to members, state laws against begging rides, and tourists' tales of hold-ups.

A good hiker can average three hundred miles a day in Western America and about two hundred and fifty in the East, providing he stays on the main highways and keeps out of big cities. This is better time than the tourist driver can make, for the driver becomes weary, and also is forced to stop for repairs and supplies, while the hitch-hiker can leave at the first sign of delay and seek a new car. These travelers become expert in the art of making selections, letting slowly-driven trucks and traveling salesmen who must make frequent stops pass them by. They wait for a fast machine which can cover more ground in less time.

The essential equipment for such hiking is simple, being a razor, toothbrush, soap and clean clothing, for the hitch-hiker who gets invitations to ride is the clean and shaven one. Bathing in bath-tubs may not be easy, but swimming is, and the wise hiker makes use of every opportunity for this, knowing full well that a grimy and bearded walker looks tough, and the passing motorist will be fearful to pick him up, lest he either rob him or leave vermin in the car.

A large pack is not a helpful thing, for it gives the impression that one is out on purpose to hike, and not walking from necessity. A small suitcase is better, for it seems to more easily open the hearts of drivers, and is quite adequate to meet the space needs required for towels, shoe-polish, clothing, etc. A good-sized book is excellent, for it disarms suspicion. Gunmen are not noted for carrying books, and the driving public seems inclined to trust a man who reads.

In choosing automobiles, those with solitary drivers are best, for

such cars generally travel faster, and such drivers are often glad of company. The sort of driver who is willing to give lifts need not be signalled madly—a mere turn of the hikers' head and an expectant look on his face is enough, and the driver feels that his was the idea. A car driven by a woman is no car for a hitch-hiker, for it will often get into minor difficulties, if not serious accidents. Week-end traveling is not satisfactory, for entire families are out on vacation rides, and cars are full. Sunday is an almost hopeless day for getting rides.

A coast-to-coast trip after this fashion can be made in less than two weeks, with luck, and at a cost of under $20. This of course necessitates sleeping out of doors in good weather, but this is not unpleasant, for an accelerated pace just before lying down practically assures immediate and deep sleep, and in case it is cold, most roads are flanked with fields in which plenty of sticks for fuel are to be found. Old railroad ties make splendid fires, for they hold hot coals until almost morning. Sleeping out on the ground is a truly refreshing experience, and a person will be surprized at the new life in his veins the morning after.

Cooking utensils, blankets or any unnecessarily heavy impedimenta decreases the fun of hiking, and lessens the chances of getting a ride, for baggage frequently is a decided inconvenience, and the very appearance of bulkiness will discourage a driver.

On the desert, never carry water. Put a couple of lemons in your pocket if you will, but remember that no car will pass you up on the heat of a desert road if you are obviously without water. The hardest-boiled driver will enjoy saving your life when he discovers you to be so ignorant and innocent as to start out over a sun-baked desert trail without a drink!

The Good and Bad in American Education

By GUY STANTON FORD

(*Current History for July*, 1931)

THE statement of a foreign visitor to the effect that there are in America the poorest schools and the best is quite true, for we have still prevalent totally inadequate, isolated, unsupervised country schools, and the ill-manned institutions of higher learning which lack proper library and laboratory facilities; and on the other hand, we have well-developed rural schools, progressive experimental schools, well-managed and magnificently housed high-schools and some splendid colleges with excellent faculties and great opportunities for training.

In this welter of differing types of institutions, variety and vagary have often been mistaken for progress, but real progress in our educational system has been all too sporadic and individual. Horace Mann in Massachusetts, Bilbo in Mississippi, Eliot in Harvard, Gilman at Johns Hopkins, Van Hise in Wisconsin and Russel in Teachers' College, has each put his mark upon the one institution, and thence on many, for students, going into other schools, have carried into them the influence of these men.

In the last few decades, something has happened to the American educational world which had to happen because of the tremendous increase in the mass of pupil material. Efficiency had to be developed to meet the situation, and so educational institutions were forced to adjust or fail, and adjust they did, in matters of budgets and housing, curricula and administra-

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tion. And the fact that there is a heavy mortality rate among the cheap and tawdry institutions, which, though inadequate, have been given the privilege of wasting four precious years of the lives of young men and women, is hopeful.

The real criteria of educational progress pertains to the vital forces—teacher and student. The rest, the mechanical parts, are important only as they provide for and facilitate the study and analysis and application of the principles of the good life.

In considering faculties and their equipment for their part in education, there are half a dozen items which indicate progress. First is the fact that in spite of their specialization, they are becoming more and more conscious of their responsibilities as a professional group. They have been forced out of their ruts and are studying the values of what they are doing. That self-searching which is the constant inward light of every individual teacher has been turned on them collectively, on every angle of what the school as an institution is doing. The spirit of inquiry is creeping into the problems and new social situation of the day, and such a spirit is more effective and productive of good than an order from the President.

Next, teaching and research have taken on new dignity and found greater opportunities because of endowed educational foundations which have provided financial support for programs in educational research. Benefiting by them have been such fields as the pre-school child, art education, public health and other standards. They have provided scholarships which have given opportunities for training to the rare creative mind, in art, letters and the sciences.

Another factor is the growing strength of nationally associated schools, where a consideration of administrative problems goes hand in hand with those of teaching and scholarship. They have been of great value in leveling standards, for the equal protection of public, teacher and student. There have also developed the beginning of the great educational field of the next quarter century—adult education.

Colleges are not created for faculties, but for students. What of them? First, there are too many of them who enter without seriousness, with no other aim than the regular four years of fun, with only such study as is absolutely necessary. The social waste in providing college education for those who should never have one is matched only by the need that provision be made for the 25% of capable high-school graduates who cannot go to college because of poverty. Given, however, present conditions, what are we doing to adapt education to the needs of the qualified student? Many things more or less experimental and novel, and a few things truly basic. Most of the latter, so far, have emanated more or less directly from four men—Charles W. Eliot, who laid great stress on the student and his individual interests and abilities; Woodrow Wilson, who sought to establish between teacher and student more inspiring relationships; William James and G. Stanley Hall, who understood the need to recognize individual differences.

One of the really worthwhile educational experiments is one which attempts to make the first two years of a four-year course in college broadly cultural, and generally preparatory by offering courses on different levels for freshmen and sophomores in the fields of social sciences, biological science, physical science and the humanities. After 3 months, the student designates one field as his particular choice for intensive study, and all his work along this line is carefully watched, tested and evaluated. If one does not make sufficient progress here, he changes to another, until the work to which he is best suited is found. From there on he goes forward rapidly and with benefit.

The variety and vigor of such experimentation is encouraging and infinitely more promising than the former deadly inertia which was a part of school programs. The same methods will not work in all schools, and for this reason constant thought and study must go on. Certain colleges are now becoming important for their various accomplishments in different fields, and others are fast gaining recognition.

The one thing to be emphasized in connection with all of them is that what they do in a specific way should not be imitated, but that others might well try to imitate their spirit of inquiry, their methods in bringing about unity of executives and faculty. Thus they will better discharge their obligation to students.

The Joys of Pessimism

By ELMER RICE

(*Forum for July*, 1931)

THERE is in the United States a prejudice towards optimism—the Keep Smiling, Boost, Don't Knock, The Sky's the Limit, Watch My Smoke, For he's a Jolly Good Fellow, There's a silver lining 'neath the Dark Cloud Shining, Pack up your Troubles in your Old Kit Bag sort of optimism. The optimist, in public fancy, is genial and plump, has a bright eye and a merry laugh while the pessimist is gloomy, lean, dyspeptic and given to insomnia.

The point of this article, written by a pessimist who is free from indigestion and inclined to stoutness, is to clear up a few popular misconceptions regarding pessimism. He has been happily married for 15 years (he is especially pessimistic about marriage in general) and has a couple of delightful children who do not in the least seem to feel that their father is a kill-joy. He does not look sourly into the faces of all he meets, for they have tired, drawn faces—the faces of optimists who are worn out with the effort of hurrying to find something splendid and jolly which can turn out beautifully. If they were pessimists they would think that there is nothing in particular worth chasing, and would stop running about in search of it and would have time to sit down and relax and have time to smile instead of just talking about smiling. (In the very young, perpetual smiling denotes colic; in the very old, senility; in between, it is an excellent device for showing off good white teeth.)

The deeply-rooted idea that a pessimist's life is steeped in gloom, whereas an optimist's is one grand sweet song, is patently absurd. When a man who looks only at the bright side of things fails to find a bright side, he must be wretched, while the fellow who scarcely believes there is a bright side receives an agreeable surprise every time he stumbles onto one.

The mere contemplation of all that goes into the life of an optimist is enough to make one shudder. To be looking always for something to turn up, for the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow, for good times ahead and something just around the corner, for Lady Luck and the divinity that shapes our ends, for ships to come in—how can anyone be an optimist and survive the strain?

But take your confirmed pessimist! He does not look for anything in life except the daily joy of living. A cloud is not the excuse for a silver lining, but for rain and probable pneumonia. Believing that there is no intelligence or courtesy among motorists, he watches red lights and then

[*Continued on page 689*]

The Tapestry of Life

By Elsie C. Carroll

UPON a web of plain brown years
I weave Life's Tapestry.
The tints and shades that make the woof
Are gifts from God to me.

Within the heap from which I choose
The strands to fit my loom
Are threads of fine-spun silk and wool;
Some dyed in flowers' bloom.

Within the heap there also lie
Some wefts of somber hue;
And I must choose the lights and shades
As my shuttle passes through.

At first I choose but strands of green
And velvet rosy hues,
With here and there a purple thread,
And touches of soft blues.

And then I hunt the colors warm—
Bright crimsons, orange, gold,
With silver sheens and russet glows.
I shun threads dark or cold.

But as I weave my pattern in
With all these colors bright,
I cannot make my figures clear;
The picture is not right.

Reluctantly I turn again
To the heap of mixed thread.
I see the somber shades I need,
But I pick them out with dread.

O surely, surely such dark hues
Will spoil the lovely thing
I want to weave within my loom.
I want eternal spring.

With all its gladdening light and love,
Its songs and laughter gay,
I do not want its beauty spoiled
With threads of black and grey.

But though I try and try again,
My picture will not grow
Into the beauteous strength I want
Until my shuttles throw

Across the web some threads so dark
I shudder at their gloom.
When lo! the picture is complete
That rest within my loom.

It took the strands of darkness
To show to God and me
How much of strength and brightness
Was in my tapestry.

Dry Farms

Vesta P. Crawford

PATCHED old they are, the sombre sage,
Hollows of light in the swales,
Blazing spots where the desert has waked
In shimmering gilt on the dales!

Impressions

By Linda S. Fletcher

DRY-LAND WHEAT FIELDS

HILLS touched to matchless gold
By Midas-hand of industry.

THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

Duchesses in green velvet,
Regally greeting the traveler,
Wearing tiaras of star-gems,
Drawing around portly shoulders
The softness of pearly cloud-ermine.

THE DESERET DANCER

Phantom dancer of the waste-land,
Twirling scarves of misty rose-hue
'Gainst the golden veiled sky-blue,
At the Sultan Sun's command—

Noiselessly she comes, advancing
Dervish-like, whirling so madly
In abandon, giving gladly
All she has unto her dancing.

Rising now to the star-spaces,
Treading on, she eager presses
Nearer to her lord's caresses—
Bids farewell to desert places.

On the Hills

By Guy E. Coleman

ARTIST Autumn tints the vale of Timpanogos
And he spreads his rich oblations on the hills.
Tender tints of cloud-toned sunset add their splendor,
Mystic music rises softly from the rills.

There is wonder in the weave of oak and aspen
Carpeting the steeps in patterns deft, divine,
There is beauty blushing in the crimsoned maples,
Nature-tapestries of exquisite design.

There's a charm of lavish color in wild gardens,
Magic when the mellow moon of harvest shines;
And my soul is stirred to tenderest devotions
When I hear the Voice Eternal through the pines.

There is harvest far more beautiful, O farmer
Than the golden hoard which all your storehouse fills;
There is more gold, O miner of the mountains
There is grandeur, glory, God there on the hills.

Ashes for Beauty

By Beatrice K. Ekman

WHEN down the mountain trails October's breeze
Sweeps through the trees with chill upon her breath;
The slender aspen and the maple leaves
Change their green hue for a more radiant dress.
Their yesterdays of summer time are done
And nights of biting frost their verdure sears.
They drop into the ages leaf by leaf
To rest in dust through the relentless years.
May not a memory of the nesting birds
That mated in their cool and sheltering shade
And twittered at the dawn . . . content their rest?
May not a memory of the harvest moon
Remain with them that gave their beauty's best,
When they quiescent lie in somberness?

A Sonnet to Nature

By Florence D. Cummings

OF late I stood where Nature reigned supreme,
The handiwork of God's creative plan;
Where towered crags, and mighty torrents ran;
Where brightest colors, like an artist's dream
Of gorgeous vibrant tapestry, did seem
To paint in purples, reds, and golden tan,
With subtle blending never reached by man
Each terraced hillside and each bank of stream.

I marveled. And my very soul did thrill
With wondering awe, and straightway was attuned
To worshiping. It almost seemed I swooned
In ecstasy, so did my being fill
With sweetest pain, that held me speechless, still,
In tribute to the Master Artist's skill.

Sonnet

By Christie Lund

WHEN I have ceased to miss you, dear, I know
I shall be glad, oh, very, very glad
For all the happy hours we have had—
Those priceless hours e'er you chose to go,
When life was rich and wonderful; and oh,
I shall cling on almost religiously
To all my precious husks of memory:
Each little thing that made me love you so.
I shall be glad because I have grown wise,
And I have learned that happiness is rare
And some souls never find it. In their eyes
Will always be the dream of one to care
As you have cared for me so brief a time . . .
Though now this lone Gethsemane is mine.

FOODS *for* HEALTH

By ADAH R. NAYLOR

The JOY *of* EATING

EVERY human being comes into this world "blindfold," that is, without remembrance of the past or knowledge of the future. But he has within him a number of great urges or hungers that become the driving forces of his life; *hunger for food, hunger for knowledge, hunger for companionship,* etc. The first hunger that manifests itself, and the greatest of all the driving forces, is the *hunger for food.* We must eat or we die. The soul has taken an earthly body for the purpose of making a journey through this world and if this period of living is to be a happy, successful one, the body must grow, thrive and be able to perform certain functions—so that *hunger for food* might be called *"the soul's will to live."* Physical living should be a joyous thing. Browning in his poem "Saul" has David, the young shepherd boy, sing of man's keen sense of earthly pleasures—"How good is man's life, the mere living!" and he enumerates some of the joys.

"A plunge in a pool's living water * *
And the meal, the rich dates yellowed over with gold dust divine,
And the locust-flesh steeped in the pitcher * * *
And the sleep in the dried river-channel, where bulrushes tell
That the water was wont to go warbling so softly and well."

But if physical joys are to last through youth to old age, there are certain laws which must be obeyed. The *hunger for food* if rightly satisfied, gives health and strength, but woe to him who indulges in "forbidden fruits" or allows hunger to become an all-consuming passion! The "eat, laugh and be merry for tomorrow we die" attitude of mind soon brings its reward of disease, misery and death. We should eat, laugh and be merry, but with the idea of living and doing, not dying.

Family Meals

FAMILY meals, especially the evening meal, should be a ceremony at which each member of the family appears, properly dressed, washed and combed, and takes a part. The table should be correctly laid, the food well cooked and nicely served, and then *tasted* and *enjoyed.* Some members of the family, hurrying away to an

appointment, swallow their meal without thought of how it *tastes* or *smells.* Foods have an *aroma* or *bouquet,* and the sense of *smell* calls out digestive juices that play an important part in the eating and digesting of food. Then, too, the state of mind while eating has much to do with digestion. All discord and unpleasantness should be banished from family meals, nor should there be a discussion of foods and diets—there can be an appreciation of food without a discussion of what is good for you and what is bad. Too much attention should not be paid to the amount that the small boy or girl may, or may not eat. Children love attention, and if Johnny learns that by refusing to eat certain foods he can become the center of attention he often unconsciously takes the pose of not caring to eat. It should be taken for granted that each member of the family will eat at least a small portion of everything that is served—a child's eating habits are entirely a matter of training. Very small children are not given the food that is generally served at an evening meal, and if brought to the table are likely to spend their time making a disturbance, so that whenever possible they should be made comfortable elsewhere. There cannot be much relaxation for the head of the house if, while he carves the roast, he must keep his foot on the rung of Junior's high chair, lest he rock over, and mother cannot be a very interesting dinner companion if she must spend a part of her time restraining the small daughter, who wishes to put her plate on her head—a sacred rite all children between the age of one and two years insist on performing.

The *surroundings in which we eat* and the *manner in which we eat* are quite as important as *what we eat.* Satisfying the *hunger for food* is a many-sided problem and the housewife who considers it a *project* rather than a *task* will find the preparation of food interesting work, and will take pleasure in serving meals so attractively that all members of the family will realize "the joy of eating."

Autumn Fruits

THE fruit-canning season is now in full swing. The Autumn fruits, sweet and juicy, fresh from the trees, should be preserved in several different ways and stored for the winter. One of the things to beware of is over cooking—*long cooking destroys the flavor.* There is little danger of bottled fruit spoiling if the bottles and tops are thoroughly heated, and care is taken to fill the bottles full, eliminate air bubbles and seal tight.

Use a heavy cooking vessel; cover to retain steam, and cook fruit at moderate temperature. All fruit should be peeled with a silver knife, as a steel knife will discolor it. Peel only a small quantity at a time, and cook at once, as standing causes fruit to darken.

Pears

CANNED pears are a delightful all-year-round food. They can be served for breakfast or as a dessert, and they make the best fruit salad known. If one has plenty of jars, they are nice canned whole. Peel—leaving stem on—then take core out at blossom end. Cook in tightly covered vessel, and place in jars without crowding.

Served as a salad the centers may be filled with various things, chopped walnuts and raisins—chopped ripe olives mixed with salad dressing—minced pineapple and Brazil nuts—or most any kind of cheese—watercress cut fine and mixed with mayonnaise makes a delicious filling—and watercress may also be used as a garnish.

Whole Pears

Pears may be cooked whole, without removing the core, but the stem should be retained. If red peppermint candy is used in place of sugar, it gives a lovely color, and a flavor that makes them a nice addition to the meat course, especially roast lamb or ham.

[*Continued on page 690*]

PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS

All Melchizedek Priesthood material is prepared under the direction of the Council of the Twelve, and all Aaronic Priesthood material is prepared under the direction of the Presiding Bishopric

The Lord Says—Tobacco is not good for man, but for bruises and sick cattle.

How a Newsboy Felt About It

I LIKE to recall my experience with a little newsboy.

My wife and I stood at the west door of the Hotel Utah, in the company of a most distinguished American and his wife.

We were talking about the Gospel of Christ as taught by the Latter-day Saints. Somebody said something about the Priesthood, and mention was made of the fact that in this Church all men may make themselves worthy to hold the Priesthood. Some one remarked — perhaps my wife — that even the boys after a certain age hold the Priesthood.

Just then a little lad came along the sidewalk, calling out the afternoon paper — "Deseret News! Deseret News!"

On the spur of the moment I said: "Perhaps that little boy holds the Priesthood."

I called him to me. He thought I was a tourist about to buy a paper.

I said: "Are you a 'Mormon,' my boy?"

He straightened up, put his heels together, looked me in the eye, and said: "I am."

"Do you hold the Priesthood?"

"Yes, sir; I hold the Priesthood." He gave the salute of the Scout. "I am a deacon."

There was the fearlessness of the child, the pride of his possession, though understanding only as a child, dimly, the meaning, the spirit and the vastness of this latter-day cause. — *Dr. John A. Widtsoe.*

Honor and Trust

Why would you consider it a greater honor to be trusted with a commission from the President of the United States than from, say, the mayor of your town?

The reason does not lie in you at all. You are the same in both cases. It lies rather in the one from whom your commission comes. And the difference in those persons would be that the authority, the dignity, the elevation of office are greater in the one case than in the other.

Apply this to the Priesthood.

Your calling or commission as a deacon, a teacher, or a priest comes from God, not from man, however great he may be.

Now, God is the Creator of all things. He is all powerful. He is worshiped not only by the poor and lowly of this earth, but by kings and nobles, rulers and philosophers, and wise men everywhere.

This is no doubt the reason the psalmist said hundreds of years ago:

"I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God than to dwell in the tents of wickedness."

What You Do Is Often Seen

A SUNDAY or two ago a stranger visited one of the Sacrament meetings in a Salt Lake City ward. He was there as a tourist, curious to know how the "Mormons" conduct their religious worship.

After the services were over, he commented on what he had seen and heard, particularly on what he had seen, to the local friend who had taken him there. He said:

"You know, I thought it was wonderful that your boys and young men take such a prominent part in your religious services.

"Those older boys—priests you call them?—how beautifully they read the sacramental service! And those smaller boys—deacons I think you said they were—how quietly and with what order and dignity they went about their work.

"I think it is marvelous that boys are permitted to conduct any part of a religious service. It is so bracing to every one. You know, in my church there is nothing like that, and I do wish there were."

It was perfectly true that the whole service performed by the boys on that occasion was beautiful.

An older man directed everything. At his signal the blessing on the bread and on the water was given, the deacons rose and separated, and then returned and sat down. It was under his training also that the deacons had kept their arms folded, had marched together back to the sacramental table, and had then dispersed to their seats among the congregation.

No wonder the visitor had been impressed.

Find This Out

DO you know the answers to these questions?

(1) Who is the bishop of your ward? Who are his counselors?

(2) Just why should the bishop have charge of the Lesser Priesthood in the ward?

THE SUSQUEHANNA RIVER
On whose banks the Aaronic Priesthood was restored to Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery by John the Baptist.

Why Pay Tithes

EVERY man of us is facing inevitable and eternal bankruptcy, except as he invests his life and his treasure in something spiritual; for only spiritual things can

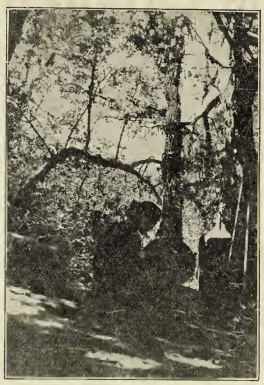
abide forever. The only permanent values in the world are spiritual values. And so our Lord said, "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth," where you must inevitably give them up in a little while, "but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven," where you can enjoy them throughout countless millenniums.

Over and over again in the revelations we are reminded of our obligation to give to him not only our substance, but our time and our talents. With these commandments go promises of rich rewards that are received by those who obey, as many of the faithful can atttest.

The systematic giving or paying, that the tithe compels is full of blessings. It cuts out the roots of selfishness. It nourishes the virtues of brotherly love and helpfulness. It realizes the privilege of being a coworker with God, and it creates that cheerfulness in the giver that makes the Lord love him. How wonderful that we can endear ourselves to our Father in such a simple way! How wicked and foolish to neglect to do it.

The reason why we must pay tithes is because the Almighty clearly commands it and further it is a highly spiritual process. It is a recognition of the Divine One, to whom the tithe is brought and who receives it.

Multitudes profess to be willing to be led by the word of the Lord in dealing with their fellow-men, yet in this matter of giving, how few seem willing to do it. The Bible is within the understanding of all, a great book of revelation—the people's book of revelation. It has revealed the people to themselves. A man has found himself when he has found his relation to the rest of the universe, and here is the book in which those relations are set forth. This is the revelation of life and peace. One out of every six verses of the Bible is a warning against some form of covetousness. When a lawyer asked Jesus, "Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?" He said, "What is written in the law?" Thus Jesus appealed to the law, to reveal to the lawyer his responsibilities and obligations—and the law enjoined tithing. God's way of getting substance is through the tithe. Christ rests it on the sense of duty. He found little to commend in the Pharisees, but that little He did commend, "Ye pay tithes, this ought ye to have done." When Jesus says, "Ye ought," the final word has been spoken. It is time for argument to cease, and obedience to begin. If the tithing system has the sanction of Jesus, no Christian is honest with God until he has given him one-tenth of his income. It is the Lord's. There is no sacrifice, no self-denial, no "offering" on the part of the Christian until he has given over and above the tenth. The acts of Christ are in the same direction as his words. How freely he gave! He keeps nothing back—from the five loaves and two fishes, up to his own "life a ransom for many."



The twin laws that the seventh of our time and the tenth of our income shall be devoted in a special sense to God's service have never been changed. Both have their foundation in human needs, and both were given for our benefit. They are the Lord's, by contract, in the Lord's partnership with the Christian. Both must be rendered to him as an acknowledgment of his right in the time and money we have received from him. Paul lays down the rule in I Cor. 16:2: "Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him." Only let this principle be observed, that there be a stated proportion given out of every dollar, whether the income be received weekly, monthly, or whether it be realized at the end of the year. Promptness, indeed, is often a part of economy. He gives twice who gives promptly. Steady support of the Church, both with money and service, is better than scattered effort.

The spending of money upon pleasures that are inconsistent with a Christian profession is doing untold damage to the cause of Christ; and making many Church members more lovers of the world than lovers of righteousness.

May we be delivered from the snare and delusion of supposing we are expressing our love to the Lord when we give one-sixteenth to him and fifteen-sixteenths spent upon ourselves. A man put it this way once, "When people do that, it is very much as if a man should go down to the city and buy a five thousand dollar automobile and a seventy-five dollar overcoat and a ten dollar pair of shoes and a fifteen dollar hat for himself and then should buy a calico dress for his wife.

The tithe of one's income to the Lord is not a charity, it is one's first and most pressing debt—a debt of honor. The distinction that the tithe is distinctly a debt and not a gift should never be lost sight of. You do not "give" your banker the interest you owe him nor "give" your grocer the amount of his bill. Yet neither one is more of a debt than the tithe we owe to God. To pay a tenth is being obedient. This and not gain should be our highest motive. Spiritually and financially a man has no power to make money except as God gives it to him.

The offering back to the Lord, at regular intervals of time, of a definite portion of what he sends us, expresses the gratitude of the heart for mercies received, and at the same time is an acknowledgmnet of our absolute dependence upon the Most High.

It is seldom easy for a man to begin to tithe his income. It involves so much that it requires a new exercise of faith and a little fuller surrender to Christ.

Do you believe the Almighty meant what he said about pouring out his blessings that there shall not be room enough to receive it? If you do, then why not begin to tithe your income now?—J. H. Trayner.

A Promise

By WESTON N. NORDGREN

It is refreshing, in this day of doubt and depression, to find a ray of hope touching our financial affairs. Many are in debt, sought by those to whom they owe money; perhaps haled into court because they cannot pay.

When the Lord spoke to his children in these latter days he said:

"There is a law, irrevocably decreed in heaven before the foundations of this world, upon which all blessings are predicated—

"And when we obtain any blessing from God, it is by obedience to that law upon which it is predicated."

A message of hope was given to debtors in the Doctrine and Covenants, Section 104, verses 78, 80 and 82:

"Verily I say unto you, concerning your debts—behold it is my will that you shall pay all your debts.

"And it is my will that you shall humble yourselves before me, and obtain this blessing by your diligence and humility and the prayer of faith.

"And inasmuch as you are diligent and humble, and exercise the prayer of faith, behold, I will soften the hearts of those to whom you are in debt, until I shall send means unto you for your deliverance.

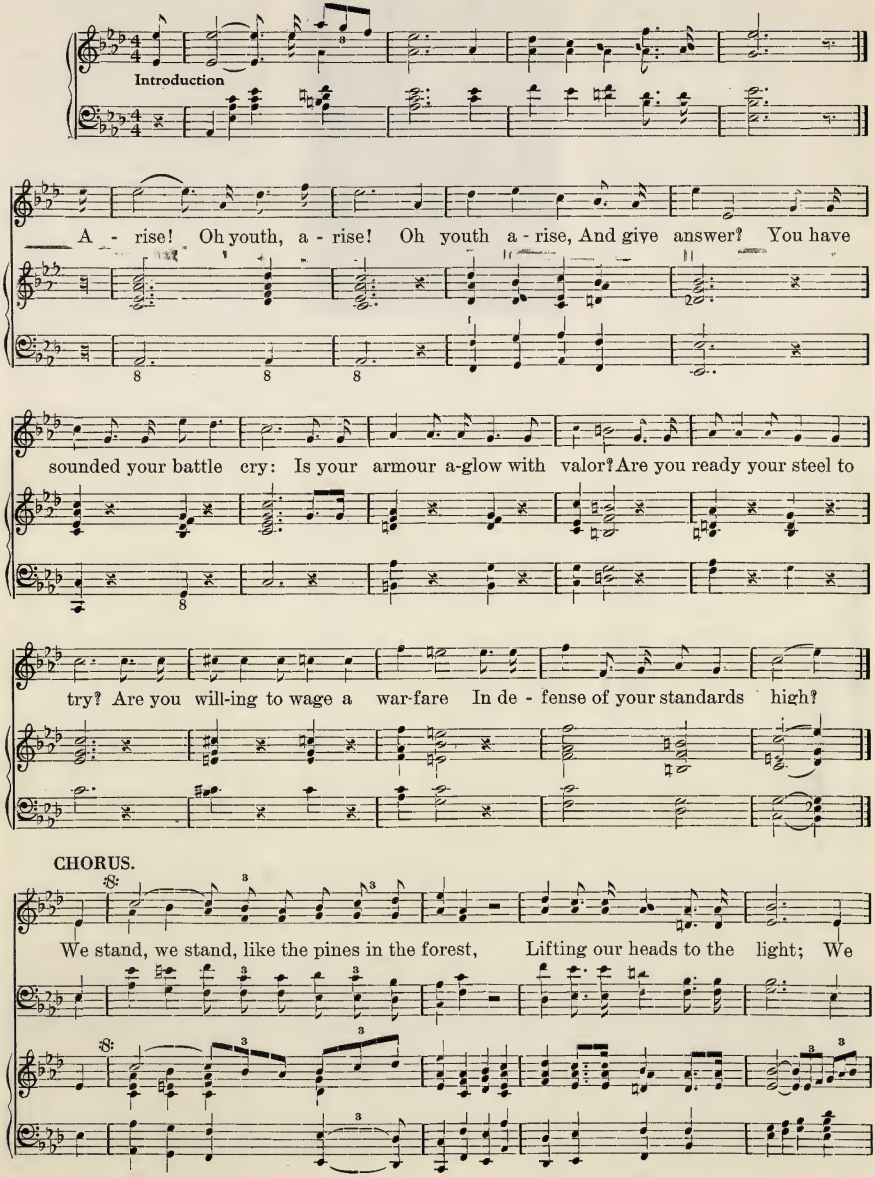
"And inasmuch as ye are humble and faithful and call upon my name, behold, I will give you the victory."

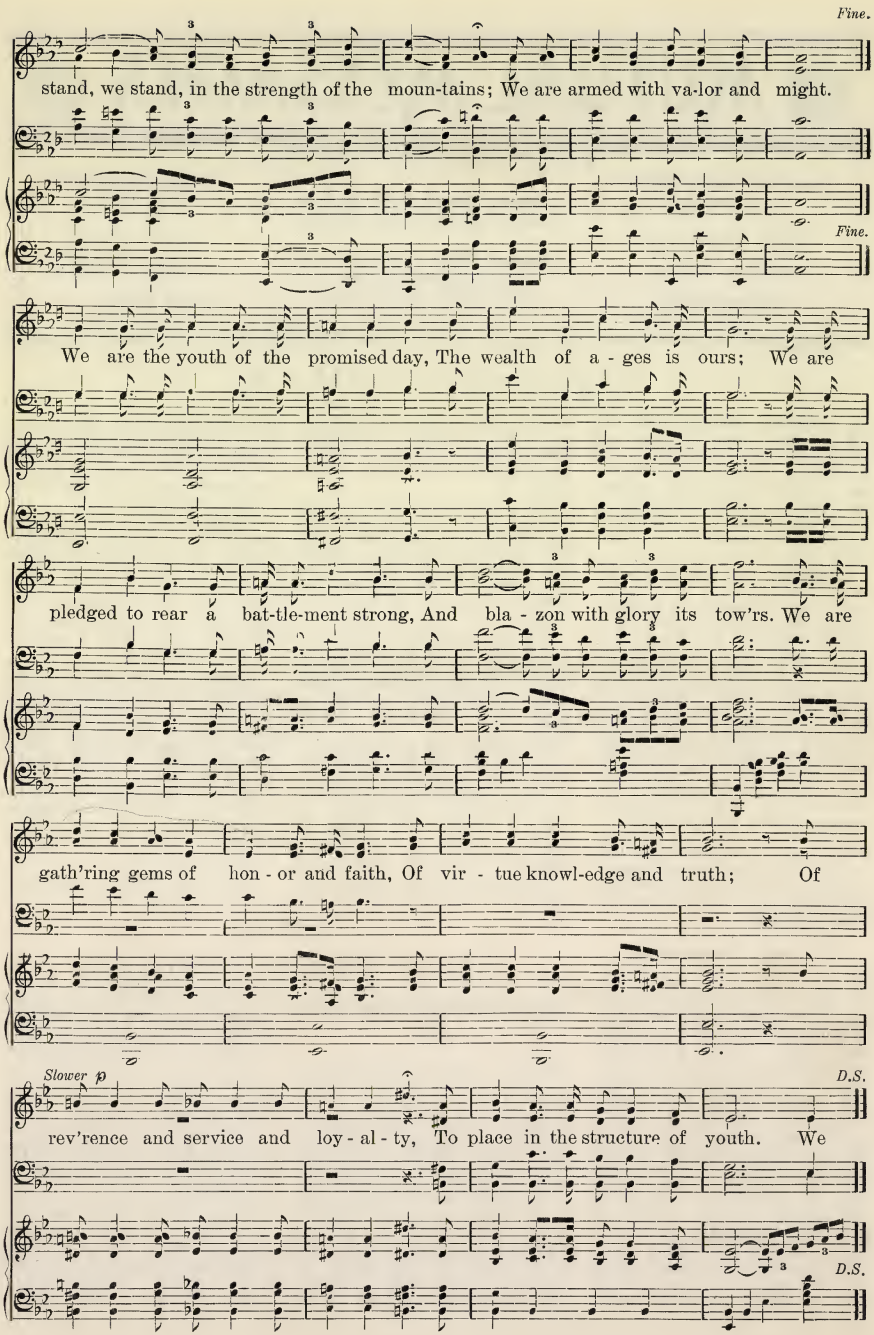
That was given as a promise. Will not observance of the requirement make this promise effective today?

The Challenge

Words by Ruth M. Fox

Music by J. Spencer Cornwall




Fine.
stand, we stand, in the strength of the moun-tains; We are armed with va-lor and might.
Fine.
We are the youth of the promised day, The wealth of a - ges is ours; We are
pledged to rear a bat-tle-ment strong, And bla - zon with glory its tow'rs. We are
gath'ring gems of hon - or and faith, Of vir - tue knowl-edge and truth; Of
Slower p
D.S.
rev'rence and service and loy - al - ty, To place in the structure of youth. We
D.S.

MUTUAL MESSAGES

Executive Department

General Superintendency
Y. M. M. I. A.

GEORGE ALBERT SMITH,
RICHARD R. LYMAN,
MELVIN J. BALLARD,

Executive Secretary:
OSCAR A. KIRKHAM

General Offices Y. M. M. I. A.
47 EAST SOUTH TEMPLE STREET

General Offices Y. L. M. I. A.
33 BISHOP'S BUILDING
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

General Presidency
Y. L. M. I. A.

RUTH MAY FOX,
LUCY GRANT CANNON,
CLARISSA A. BEESLEY,

General Secretary:
ELSIE HOGAN

Opportunities in the M. I. A.

A LIBERAL education with the minimum outlay of time and means, the finest associations to be found anywhere, interesting activities, fun, continued cultural and spiritual development—that's what it means to be an active member in the Mutual Improvement Association over a period of years.

Periodically there comes into our General Office one of our workers from a rural community to voice her enthusiastic appreciation of the opportunities afforded in this organization. Manual studies, music, drama—all of them thrill her with their alluring interest. And she is but speaking for the thousands who could tell of what M. I. A. has done for them. Scarcely a man of prominence in the Church but has found inspiration for his life's work in the M. I. A., scarcely a matured woman but owes much of her present standing to the high ideals and practical training received therein.

The season of 1931-32 is no exception; there is in the program this year a wealth of material provided for all, so varied and rich in its offering that it will meet the needs and desires of every individual.

Executive Department

TO be an executive in this organization of young people is a rare privilege for there is ample opportunity to develop latent powers of leadership. There is real joy in organizing and preparing so fine a piece of work as the M. I. A. program, in watching that program develop and in seeing human beings grow under its influence.

"Well begun is half done" is an old but true saying. With this in mind executives will make the opening social this year, Sept. 8, a more joyous event than ever before. Assisted by their publicity directors they will see to it that every member, young and old, is aware of this occasion and is given an enthusiastic welcome. They will keep high the morale of the entire corps of officers and leaders so that everyone shall be eager to commence the season's activities. All arrangements should be made for the beginning of regular activity work on September 15.

The fact that all Manuals were ready so early this season has given our officers ample opportunity to inform themselves and obtain a general understanding and appreciation of the entire program so that they can more intelligently supervise and give assistance.

The new Hand Book will be found most helpful, giving as it does a complete picture of the entire program. This is especially for the use of presidents and counselors in charge of manual work. Price 50c. General Offices.

The slogan this year presents a great ideal for which to strive—physical, mental and spiritual health—to be achieved through observance of the Word of Wisdom. The rallying cry has been sounded by the leaders! It calls to every loyal M. I. A. member: Come let us stand for clean living; let us prepare ourselves in body, mind, and spirit for the high destiny that awaits the children of Zion. Let us lift our heads in pride and say, "We belong to a group who do not smoke, who do not drink liquor, tea or coffee; who observe the laws of physical and spiritual well being."

The book for the executive department, "The Life Story of Brigham Young," by Susa Young Gates will be found intensely interesting, offering as it does in this year of pioneer commemoration, vivid pictures of that great leader and all those who struggled with him to build a home for us, their descendants.

Continued opportunity for the development of the spiritual activities of the M. I. A., and for public presentation of the same is offered in the Sunday evening joint service. Executives will do well to make the most of this privilege once each month. Suggested programs appear in the Era from time to time. The October joint session bids fair to be one of unsual interest under the title, "Meeting Life With a Real Friend."

See "Era and Publicity" department for announcement.

Era and Publicity Department

The Spirit and Mission of the *Era*

WHAT does the Gospel mean to us? Has it any place in the world? If so, what is it? It is a good thing for us to think about that occasionally. What is the distinctive mission of the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ? If we can answer that question, I think we can discover what the mission of the *Improvement Era* is. Its mission is just as distinctive as the Gospel itself. You can buy magazines on the market that are better in some particulars than the *Era*. If you want to study history, there are historical magazines superior to the *Era;* if you want fiction, you can find that which, according to modern ideas, is higher in quality; if you want stories of travel you can find them elsewhere; if you want science journals they exist on every hand. But we believe the *Era* has a distinctive message that no outside magazine can give."

"The *Era* is not a simple matter of mechanics, a few pages bound together with a colored cover and a few symbols in ink splattered on by a printer. That is only a little part of it. In addition to all that we can hold in our hands or see with our eyes of makeup and form and texture. there is something in the magazine that we may well call a soul, a spirit, a breathing truth or hope of truth upon which its whole

foundation depends."—*Extracts from talks given at June Conference.*

Sunday Night Program For October

THE evening meeting on the Fast Sunday in October is to be devoted to the *Era*, not in a selling way, but from the standpoint of content. Programs will be outlined and sent by mail to Stake Executive officers who will in turn send them to ward officers. While the Executives, as always, will have direct charge of the meeting, it is expected that Era and Publicity Directors will lend their hearty support; inasmuch as the event is in reality planned as a help to them in the approaching *Era* week in every ward.

Note especially the new M. I. A. song "The Challenge," page 680, to be used on the "Era" Sunday night joint program.

Keep a-Crammin'

By A SCHOOL GIRL

IF you wish to make a show,
Keep a-crammin'.
Don't take a chance on what you know,
Keep a-crammin'.
'Tain't no use to feel so blue,
For there's nothin' you can do;
But just watch for each review,
And keep a-crammin'.

When the brain works seem to bust,
Keep a-crammin'.
Do not let them mold or rust,
Keep a-crammin'.
S'pose your lessons are a bore,
And your head feels sick and sore,
There's always room for one thing more—
Keep a-crammin'.

When your life seems full of doubt,
Keep a-crammin'.
If your pa won't help you out,
Keep a-crammin'.
Then suppose you died today,
Why, your folks would up and say:
"Just take your books down where you lay,
And keep a-crammin'!"

The name of the author of the above lines was not signed to the manuscript, and the letter accompanying the poem has been mislaid. If "Schoolgirl" will send her name to the Era office the editors will appreciate it.

Happiness

HAPPINESS, that magic spring of purest liquid life,
Giving to those who in return give charity for strife.
It only gives to those who give their very heart and soul
To gladden lives that others live, for this is Happiness' goal.

—*Orson Rega Card*

COMMUNITY ACTIVITY DEPT. Committee

Oscar A. Kirkham, Clarissa A. Beesley, Chairmen; Emily C. Adams, Vice-Chairman; Heber C. Iverson, John H. Taylor, W. O. Robinson, Don Wood, Jos. F. Smith, J. Spencer Cornwall, Charlotte Stewart, Elsie T. Brandley, Katie C. Jensen, Evangeline T. Beesley, Ethel S. Anderson

SOMEONE has already pronounced the new Manual on Recreational Activity and Leisure Time Guidance one of the best, if not the best, treatise ever prepared on Recreation. Whether this be true or not, we are assured that our Community Activity Committees will agree that a splendid volume has come into their hands.

The first five chapters provide a background of information that will give to all who study it thoughtfully a new vision, a clearer picture of the possibilities offered in the great field of recreation. They will come from its perusal with a new joy in their work and an intelligent understanding of principles underlying the recreational program.

Chapters 6 and 7 explain fully the methods in carrying forward the activity program in the M. I. A. The general participation, the Church-wide Contests, and the new feature for 1931-32—the Music Festival—are fully outlined.

Then follows the major part of the book—Chapters 8 to 12, containing a wealth of material on Dancing, Drama, Music, Speech and Story for use in the Tuesday Evening half-hour program. Never before has so much fine information on these subjects been gathered together in an auxiliary publication. It is arranged for convenient handling, each subject being divided into twelve parts to cover twelve weekly periods.

The closing chapter is a reference book in itself for many types of parties and entertainments.

This manual is especially for the use of counselors in charge of activities and community activity committees.

ADULT DEPARTMENT Committee

Dr. Arthur L. Beeley and Lucy W. Smith, Chairmen; Dr. Joseph F. Merrill, Dr. Franklin S. Harris, Lewis T. Cannon, Dr. Lyman L. Daines, Ann M. Cannon, Rose W. Bennett, Emily H. Higgs, Charlotte Stewart

THE program of this Department is featured by three activities, (1) class-room discussion, (2) project work, and (3) recreation and social enjoyment.

The subject for class discussion the coming year will be the Word of Wisdom. The discussion will be guided by the use of a textbook, entitled *How To Live*, an authoritative but very popular treatment of hygiene, accompanied by a specially prepared Supplement published by the General Boards of Y. M. and Y. L. M. I. A.

The textbook may be rightly regarded as an amplification of the Word of Wisdom. This book might be read with great profit and enjoyment by every adult member of the Church and all others, interpreted in the teachings of the Word of Wisdom.

The Supplement adapts the text to M. I. A. class discussions, in addition to which it gives in detail the Half-Hour Recreation Program of the Adult Department. The outstanding feature of this program is its easy adaptability to every ward and will result, no doubt, in popularizing the Adult Department the coming year.

The Projects will be the same as last year, and are also given in the Supplement.

The Adult Committee of the General Boards feels that the program presented for the 1931-32 season will prove to be the most popular and profitable program ever offered by it.

MAN-POWER may be economized, first by cultivating sound, personal habits. "Wherefore will ye waste your money for that which is not bread," ask the Scriptures. They who waste their substance in riotous living are wasting more than wealth. They are wasting their own vital energy, their own man-power.

Man-power is also economized by discovering hidden talent and giving it a chance to function. Every village Hampden or mute, inglorious Milton is a waste of man-power, the more destructive because the world is always in desperate need of such talent. Any system of supervision or of teaching which can discover latent genius and make it active is a factor in nation building. To discover hidden genius is better than to discover a hidden gold mine.—Dr. Thomas Nixon Carver.

M MEN DEPARTMENT

Committee

Herbert B. Maw, Chairman; John F. Bowman, Thomas A. Beal, Oscar W. Carlson, Alma Clayton, Homer C. Warner, Nicholas G. Morgan, E. E. Ericksen, Jos. F. Smith

OF interest and value not heretofore surpassed is the M Men program and course of study for the season of 1931-32. As in other departments, the M Men have outlined for them discussions for the class period on Tuesday evening, activities for the half-hour period following the class, and for contests; athletics, debating and other speech work, reading-course book, and many other interesting and stimulating suggestions.

Gleaner-M Men Program

AS in other years, this season's program includes occasional meetings with the Gleaner Girls, the purpose being "for social service, for leadership and for expression of individuality," and objectives being to extend desirable acquaintanceship, to form self-governing groups, to develop culture and refinement, and to direct the mind of youth to the deep values of the spirit and the beautiful in outward expression and dress. As a basis of discussion in the joint meetings of the two groups, the new book "The Right Thing at all Times" has been provided.

M Men Guide

FOLLOWING last year's course of study, volume 2 of "Choosing an Occupation" is offered for the current season in the M Men department. The foreword to the Manual states that "besides giving information and creating active interest in the various vocations here treated, this manual is written in such a way as to stimulate active discussion and mutual exchange of ideas among the M Men." The vocations discussed are Advertising, Agriculture, Banking, Invention, The Law, Merchandising, Recreation, Surgery, Transportation and Trades. Of worth inestimable this winter's work should prove to the young men who are at the age where the choice of a vocation is vital, inasmuch as it will affect the rest of their lives.

Reading Course

THE department book on the reading course is "With Malice Toward None," by Morrow, and is highly recommended to the young men of the Church for study and careful analysis.

GLEANER GIRLS DEPARTMENT

Committee

Grace C. Neslen, Chairman, Rachel G. Taylor, Martha G. Smith, Margaret Newman, Emily C. Adams

A FEAST of good things is provided for the Gleaners. To their meeting on the first Tuesday of each month with the M Men, a most attractive program invites them. Demonstrations of the delightful suggestions in their book on etiquette, "The Right Thing at all Times," have already given pleasure to many throughout the Church so that we anticipate much fun and much worth while development along this line in these groups of active young people.

"A Brief History of the Church," the text for the Gleaners will be found intensely interesting. Every girl will delight in hearing again the dramatic story of the rise and development of the Church, and of the heroic men and women who established the great commonwealth of the west.

Tying up closely with the text, each Gleaner Girl this year will wish to make the gathering of her Treasure of Truth a real project. The spirit of the Pioneers is hovering over the people; "the hearts of the children are turning to their fathers;" families are gathering in their store of memories and compiling their histories. What more fitting tribute can each Gleaner Girl pay to those who have gone before than to make her own collection of truth-treasures, bringing together stories, poems, songs, pictures of her own dear ones, and of others who have blazed the way—incidents which have stirred her and increased her faith through their heart-appeal.

Just the title, "Singing in the Rain," makes us eager to begin the Reading Course book for this department. It will round out and supplement the program.

The complete text for study, "A Brief History of the Church," full information on the M Men—Gleaner program, the project, the book, and also the calendar for the year are to be found under one cover. The Gleaner Manual is nicely bound and altogether attractive; it should be a treasured possession of each girl. She will want to own a copy not only for her use this year but for her future reference. Gleaner leaders will wish to secure this book early so as to make its contents their own before the beginning of the season. Price 50c, at the General Office of the Y. L. M. I. A. "The Right Thing at All Times" also 50c, at the General Office.

Junior Girls Department

THE Junior Department, too, offers a most attractive program.

The bright, "American Beauty" cover of the Manual beams a welcome to all to peep inside and see what lovely things are provided for these Junior "roses," lovely flowers of the M. I. A. Bouquet.

First appears the text for discussion, "Building a Life." Deeply spiritual, interspersed with stories and illustrations, and carrying messages of love from the several writers, it cannot but appeal to every Junior girl and her leader.

Then follow six delightful outlines for discussion on the Junior Project, "My Story—Lest I Forget." The very title makes us want to begin to write the story of our lives, recalling those dear, intimate things of babyhood and childhood which enliven and sweeten all our lives.

"Larry" is the title of the Reading Course book and as "Larry" is a real, live, interesting boy, he will appeal to every Junior Girl.

The calendar for the year and suggestions for other activities are included in this Junior Manual which sells for 20c at the Y. L. M. I. A. Office.

THERE is now ready a delightfully gay, colored cover for these books. The girls will be happy to put between these lovely cover-sheets of rose the pages upon which they have written their stories. There is, in addition to the cover pages, two sheets for genealogical records—one for the names and one for photographs—so that the work of arranging material will be greatly simplified.

The new Junior song is printed on a page the right size to fit into "My Story" book. Every Junior group will want to learn to sing this song.

The price for the cover, with genealogical sheets and new Junior Song is 20 cents.

Separately, the cover is 15 cents; music 5 cents.

VANGUARDS SCOUTS DEPT.
Committee

Dr. George R. Hill, Jr., and Charley R. Mabey, Chairmen; Nicholas G. Smith, German E. Ellsworth, Le-Roi C. Snow, Ernest P. Horsley

NEW in many respects and of unusual interest throughout is the program for the Vanguard department, which takes in the fifteen and sixteen year-old boys of the M. I. A. Heretofore a part of the Scout department, the older boys are now elevated to a more delightful and complete course of their own, and the outlines for its supervision are published in "The Log of the Vanguard Trail," a little volume whose very title makes one want to read it. The introduction sounds the keynote to all that follows: "The Log of the Vanguard Trail is an attempt to help leaders to understand boys, to direct those boys into a romance of exploration so fascinating that they will choose to follow this trail not only on Tuesday nights, but during their leisure time as well, to lead them to discover themselves, their interests, their talents, and the fields of endeavor in which those talents lie."

In addition to the month by month program, which includes Hiking, Archery, Indian-lore, First Aid, Astronomy, Electricity, Athletics and Athletic Contests, Angling, Insect Life, Camping and Swimming, the Log gives Relationship and Organization, the Vanguard Institution, Objectives and Methods of Leadership, and such activity projects as contests, reading and the project—Markers for historic places. This project is shared by the Scouts.

Reading Course

THE book "Larry," by Foster, is the 1931-32 reading course volume for Vanguards. It is a collection of writings of Larry Foster, written with no thought of publication, but after his death they were compiled and given to the reading public. His diary, themes in English, letters to his family and his girl, poems, and philosophy are gathered together and published in a most diverting and worth-while fashion, and will doubtless become one of the favorite books of every boy who reads it.

The book for Boy Scouts is "Modern Pioneers" by Cohen and Scarlet.

BEEHIVE GIRLS DEPARTMENT
Committee

Sarah R. Cannon, Chairman; Catherine Folsom, Vida F. Clawson, Glenn J. Beeley, Marie C. Thomas, Elsie T. Brandley

NO great changes are included in the Bee-Hive program for the season about to begin, except the new course for the Nymphs—the twelve-year-old girls who enter the M. I. A. As always, the Spirit of the Hive, the Seven Fields of Religion, Home, Health, Out-of-Doors, Domestic Art, Business and Public Service, and the Guides for Study will serve as the foundation of discussion and activity, and Bee-Keepers will find in the service they render the great degree of satisfaction and joy which has ever attended this branch of M. I. A. work.

In order to simplify the work in this department, there have been eliminated the project and reading course book of other years. The program for the Bee-Hive girls is so comprehensive and active that no further need is felt, and with conscientious effort and ready sympathy, a leader will find herself guiding her girls through a stimulating and helpful season.

Twelve Year Old Girl

THE announcement made last year, coming from the First Presidency, to the effect that the twelve-year old girl was free to attend either Primary or the M. I. A. according to the desire of herself and her parents, was one of great interest, and a few girls of that age have joined the M. I. A. For leaders of these groups, the General committee is providing a course of study and activity, which will be ready shortly. Watch the next issue of the *Era* for definite announcements along this line.

Mutual Messages

DURING the coming season it is hoped that the messages for the Bee-Hive department will be of more value to Bee-Keepers than ever before. Reports from stakes, suggestions for class discussions, activities and cell-filling will be included, and explicit directions for various forms of handcraft will also be supplied. If you have accomplished or discovered in your work anything which you feel would be of help to others in the same field, write a note about it and send it in for publication in this column of the Messages. What you are doing others would like to hear about.

"Life of the Bee"

FOR many years Bee-Hive groups have been asked to read Maeterlinck's "Life of the Bee," the beautifully poetic treatise upon which the plan of the Bee-Hive organization rests. The book is written in rather difficult style for girls of Bee-Hive age, and many of them have lost some of the beauty of it because of their inability to analyze it.

For this reason, a review of the important points contained in it has been prepared by members of the General Board, and this, published in pamphlet style, will furnish the material necessary for use in the lessons on the life of the Bee. Girls will enjoy reading it and leaders will appreciate the simplicity of the arrangements, and it is hoped that every Bee-Hive girl in the Church will read this brief review.

Watch the Bee-Hive section of the Mutual Messages in the Era for announcement as to price and time of publication.

Begin

MUSIC STUDIES

this Month

September is the opening month of the school year at the **McCune School of Music and Art.**

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Facing Life

[Continued from page 646]

lowliest of men. No man is too humble to be kind. And "Where Love Is There God Is Also."

V. THE COMPLETEST POSSIBLE DEVELOPMENT OF THOSE QUALITIES WHICH MAKE YOUR PERSONALITY UNIQUE.

In and through all you do is you. Only you can determine how fully you may build your own attributes into reality. Nobody else smiles just as you do—or talks—or thinks—or feels. It's a wonderful thought that there is no one just like you in all the world. And the key to your development is persistent practice. If you work vigorously each day you will develop physical strength. If you read extensively you will become rich in ideas. If you cultivate at every turn a sunshiny attitude you will come to be known for your genial disposition. You become most successful personally as you capitalize to the fullest the talents which constitute your birthright. Your task becomes one of stock taking to determine strong and weak attributes and of setting up a definite program of building for yourself the soul estate for which The Great Architect has given you the blueprints.

IF you would take stock, it may be helpful to have an inventory sheet by which to check your "goods upon the shelf."

Two passages in scripture set down briefly but wonderfully ideals of personal achievement:

"But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith,

"Meekness, temperance: against such there is no law."—Galatians 5:22-23.

—"And besides this, giving all diligence, add to your faith virtue; and to virtue knowledge;

"And to knowledge temperance; and to temperance patience; and to patience godliness;

"And to godliness brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness charity.

"For if these things be in you, and abound, they make you that ye shall neither be barren nor unfruitful in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ."
—II Peter 1:5-8

A MODERN scholar in the field of education has drawn up one of the most comprehensive inventories of desirable and undesirable qualities yet brought together. Let yourself "walk by" as this list of attributes searches out your potentialities.

Positive Qualifications

1. Open-minded, inquiring, broad.
2. Accurate, thorough, discerning.
3. Judicious, balanced, fair.
4. Original, independent, resourceful.
5. Decisive, possessing convictions.
6. Cheerful, joyous, optimistic.
7. Amiable, friendly, agreeable.
8. Democratic, broadly sympathetic.
9. Tolerant, sense of humor, generous.
10. Kind, courteous, tactful.
11. Tractable, cooperative, teachable.
12. Loyal, honorable, dependable.
13. Executive, forceful, vigorous.
14. High ideals, worthy, exalted.
15. Modest, self-sacrificing.
16. Courageous, daring, firm.
17. Honest, truthful, frank, sincere.
18. Patient, calm, equable.
19. Generous, open-hearted, forgiving.
20. Responsive, congenial.
21. Punctual, on schedule, capable.
22. Methodical, consistent, logical.
23. Altruistic, given to service.
24. Refined, alive to beauty, artistic.
25. Self-controlled, decision, purpose.
26. Good physical carriage, dignity.
27. Taste in attire, cleanliness, pride.
28. Face smiling, voice pleasant.
29. Physical endurance, vigor, strength.
30. Spiritual responsiveness, strong.
31. Prayer life warm, satisfying.
32. Religious certainty, peace, quiet.
33. Religious, experience expanding.
34. God a near, inspiring reality.
35. Power to win others to religion.
36. Interest in Bible and religion.
37. Religion makes life fuller and richer.
38. Deeply believe great fundamentals.
39. Increasing triumph over sin.
40. Religious future hopeful.

Negative Qualifications

1. Narrow, dogmatic, not hungry for truth.
2. Indefinite, superficial, lazy.
3. Prejudiced, led by likes and dislikes.
4. Dependent, imitative, subservient.
5. Uncertain, wavering, undecided.
6. Gloomy, morose, pessimistic, bitter.
7. Repellant, unsociable, disagreeable.
8. Snobbish, self-centered, exclusive.
9. Opinionated, dogmatic, intolerant.
10. Cruel, rude, untactful.
11. Stubborn, not able to work with others.
12. Disloyal, uncertain, lacking dependability.
13. Uncertain, weak, not capable.
14. Low standards, base, contemptible.
15. Egotistical, vain, autocratic.
16. Overcautious, weak, vacillating.

17. Low standards of honor and truth.
18. Irritable, excitable, moody.
19. Stingy, selfish, resentful.
20. Cold, repulsive, uninviting.
21. Tardy, usually behind-hand, incapable.
22. Haphazard, desultory, inconsistent.
23. Indifferent, not socially minded.
24. Coarse, lacking aesthetic quality.
25. Suggestible, easily led, uncertain.
26. Lack of poise, ill posture, no grace.
27. Careless in dress, frumpy, no pride.
28. Somber expression, voice unpleasant.
29. Quickly tired, weak, sluggish.
30. Spiritually weak, inconstant, uncertain.
31. Prayer cold, formal, little comfort.
32. Conflict, strain, uncertainty.
33. Spiritual life static or losing force.
34. God distant, unreal, hard of approach.
35. Influence little or negative.
36. Little concern for religion and Bible
37. Religion felt as a limitation.
38. Lacking in foundations for faith.
39. Too frequent falling before temptation.
40. Religious growth uncertain.

—*George Herbert Betts,* "How to Teach Religion."

If the objectives listed under this recipe of Success seem difficult of attainment remember that when an ideal is fully realized it ceases to be an ideal. Know with Browning:

"A man's reach should exceed his grasp or what's a heaven for."

A Sermon on a Watermelon

[*Continued from page 671*]

And asked me some questions—
Pointed ones, and no dodging allowed.
And when I answered them
She looked me right straight in the eye
And said "I've been waiting all my life
To hear somebody say that.
I'd like to be baptized."

I told her
I thought she'd better wait awhile
Until she was real sure.
She said she was sure all right
But she'd wait if we wanted her to.
So she started reading all the books she could get hold of
And began taking lessons in English and Spanish
And studying almost everything.
Besides from that day on
She never so much as looked at a cigarette.

Well, we baptized her after a few weeks.
We had some good old brothers in the branch
Who had been trying to stop smoking for over a year
And couldn't quite get up the nerve. . . .
But when *that* happened
They stopped too.
I never saw anything like it
Never hope to again
That's why I maintain
That the best sermon I ever preached in my life
Was a sermon on a watermelon. . .

THIS Communicating of a man to his friends works two contrary effects, for it redoubleth joys, and cutteth griefs in halves; for there is no man that imparteth his joys to his friend but he enjoyeth the more; and no man that imparteth his griefs to his friend, but he grieveth the less.

—Bacon's Essays

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Man Gains Dominion Over the Earth

[*Continued from page 647*]

water. This is kept in ponds, where carp and rainbow trout are grown. One hundred twenty tons of this variety of fish are raised and marketed every year.

These ponds cover an area of nearly 2,900,000 square yards or 600 acres. The waters are so rich in fertility that plant life grows abundantly. Bacteria, Protozoa, Infusoria, Algae and many other kinds of animal and plant life grow. These use up all the oxygen in the water, and the fish die. To take care of this, 6000 mature ducks are kept on these ponds. They feed upon both the plant and the animal life. Thousands of eggs are laid during the year and these eggs are sold to the people of the city. Each spring many of these eggs are hatched out. Twenty-two thousand baby ducklings are sold when one day to eight days old.

The sediment left, after the decomposing process has continued for some time, is dried and sold to the farmers of Germany as commercial fertilizer. Thus the sewage which is an aggravating problem for many large cities in America and elsewhere has been turned into a profitable business enterprise.

Ducks, ducklings, eggs, carp, rainbow trout, commercial fertilizer, illuminating and cooking gas all used by man are made from the material which was formerly a great nuisance.

Can we contemplate this undertaking without a feeling of wonder at what man can do under proper guidance.

ARE we not living in an age when this earth is expected to be celestialized and made a fit abode for perfect spirits. How will this thing be done? Is this undertaking not worthy of the thought —as is also the efforts of the many scientists to improve the world in the realm of physics, chemistry bacteriology, etc.—that the earth is gradually being renewed by the work of these great men in their studies.

Is not the man who works over the microscope and with the chemical test tube, being inspired to make his great contributions to the perfecting of the earth?

Any man who will use his abilities to improve his environment whether in the realm of the scientific, ethical or spiritual is indeed a servant of God acting under the inspiration of the Father. As he works he will become more like his great Father, for it is part of our faith, say Joseph Smith and Brigham Young, that one cannot study nature without mastering a knowledge of the laws of God, and one cannot expose himself unstintingly to those laws without becoming like the manipulator of them.

The Messenger

THE MESSENGER is the title of a splendid little periodical issued monthly by the presidency of the San Francisco stake. The following is taken from their last issue:

Pres. Heber J. Grant in a letter, dated June 5, 1931, commends Isaac B. Ball, stake high councilor, for his recent contributions to the *Era*:

"I have read with the keenest interest your two articles in the *Improvement Era*, entitled, 'Additional Internal Evidence of the Authenticity of the Book of Mormon.' I think that you have rendered a distinct service to the Church in writing these articles. I rejoiced as I read them to think that one of our Latter-day Saints was capable and had the knowledge to write an article such as you have done.

"Again I desire to thank you sincerely for the articles you wrote for the *Improvement Era*. I think they are worth their weight in gold to our young people who will read them carefully and will allow the significance of what you have written to sink into their hearts."

Get your *Era* and read again Elder Ball's articles that have called forth such splendid words from the President of the Church.

Glancing Through

[*Continued from page 675*]

looks both ways, and avoids accidents. When anything pleasant happens, he is agreeably surprised and delighted, but never expects it to happen again. When it does, he is again surprised and delighted—and surprise is a thing impossible if everything good is expected. The pessimist expects little or nothing from friends, and thus never loses faith in them, but is always touched by any little evidence of their loyalty and esteem.

By profession, the author is a playwright. Nine-tenths of the time he is convinced that he will never write anything worthwhile—a view shared by many of the few who read his writing—and so he is amazed and overjoyed if anything he does is in the least degree good. He expects all plays to be rejected by all managers, but if a manager displays any interest at all it is a pleasant shock. If the play is accepted and a check for advance royalties appears, he has no idea that it will ever get into rehearsal, let alone production, and if it does, joy unbounded is his. The certainty that nobody will like it serves to restrain any exuberance likely to be quelled by critics and reviewers.

Not the least of the optimists' woes is his almost hysterical determination to be cheerful at all costs. If he begins to feel low, he rushes off to find something to cheer him up, and thus is constantly seeking stimulation, encouragement, illusion. The pessimist makes no such search, and accepts anything of a pleasant nature gladly if it comes.

It is the optimist who is stirred by propaganda, ads, ballyhoo. He believes he can get personality by correspondence, that just inside the tent-flap are the world's greatest wonders. No amount of disillusion cures him. The day after a disappointment, he is all ready to begin again.

The pessimist avoids all that futile and wasteful expenditure of time, energy and money. He is sales-resistance incarnate. The joy he finds in doing nothing and not feeling guilty about it! the things he refrains from buying; the books he avoids reading; The plays he stays away from! The dull parties he does not attend!

One more point. The optimist thinks he can go on forever, as good as new. Snap out of it! Keep going! Don't give in! The pessimist, finding himself fretful and tired, takes it as a serious warning, and goes somewhere for a rest—to a place he can sit quietly down and watch the sunlight fall in golden beauty on things.

It is the optimist who suffers from indigestion—psychic indigestion—and it is no wonder, poor fellow. The pessimist can rest his eyes on holes once in awhile, but the optimist's reputation demands that he keep his eyes forever fastened to the doughnut!

MAN-POWER is also economized by co-operation, or by working together harmoniously. Every time two or more persons work at cross purposes, each one trying to interfere with the others, there is a waste of man-power. To eliminate that form of waste is one of the major purposes of statesmanship. It may have been the sheer necessity of the situation which forced the early Mormons to co-operate or starve. It may have been the bond of common religion, it may have been superior intelligence and insight. Whatever the source, the result was good. —*Dr. Thos. Nixon Carver.*

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[*Continued from page 677*]

Baked Pears

Fresh pears are delicious baked. Do not peel but remove core and fill center with brown sugar and place pears in buttered baking dish.

Dissolve 1 tablespoon of cornstarch and 1 tablespoon of white sugar in 1 cup of water, add a few drops of vanilla and a pinch of salt; pour over pears, cover and bake in moderate oven 40 minutes.

Pears may also be peeled, cut in half and baked with all white sugar and a little lemon juice. They are delicious served with cream or as a relish with meat.

Baked Peaches No. I

Carefully wipe fuzz from 6 large ripe peaches and place in buttered baking dish. Dissolve 2 tablespoons sugar and 1 tablespoon cornstarch in 1½ cups of water, add 1 teaspoon lemon juice and pinch of salt—cover and bake 25 minutes.

Baked Peaches No. II

Take 6 large firm peaches, peel, and cut in halves, removing stone, and place in shallow baking tin. Fill each peach cavity with 1 teaspoon sugar, ¼ teaspoon of butter, and a slight grating of nutmeg. Pour into the baking tin 1 tablespoon of water and 2 tablespoons of orange juice. Bake in moderate oven twenty minutes. They may be served hot or cold, with or without cream.

Peach Marmalade

6 pounds of peaches
6 pounds of sugar
4 oranges

Peel peaches, remove stones, slice and weigh. Peel 2 oranges and cut into small bits. Put the other two oranges through meat grinder, skins and all. Pour the sugar over the fruit and let stand several hours. Place over slow fire until sugar is melted then cook slowly 1 hour. Blanched almonds make a nice addition.

Plums

Plums are one of the few fruits that retain all of their fragrance and flavor when canned—one reason being that skins, stones and all are usually cooked together. Plums make delicious jams and jellies. Pecan nuts added to blue plum jam give a delicious flavor.

Apples

WE all know that "an apple a day keeps the doctor away." There are so many ways to prepare them, we ought to be able to eat an apple daily without tiring of them.

Apples may be baked plain, or with many and various flavorings. After they are cored and placed in a buttered baking dish, fill the centers with raisins and nuts and pour over them a syrup, made by boiling brown sugar and water together—or fill the centers with sugar, and a dot of butter, sprinkle with nutmeg and cinnamon, add a half cup of water and pinch of salt to baking pan, and bake in moderate oven,

Core apples and peel them about a third of the way down from the stem. Make a syrup (not too sweet) of sugar and water and pour over apples, cover and bake until tender—remove from oven, sprinkle well with sugar and place under blaze to glaze. When cold serve with teaspoon of jelly in center and puff of whipped cream on top.

Apple Sauce

It should be remembered that apple sauce made now, canned and stored away will taste much better in the late winter than sauce made from fresh apples that have been kept in storage.

Dried Fruit

An eastern multi-millionaire for many years employed a Utah woman to prepare and ship to him each season a large amount of *dried peaches*—because nowhere could he find peaches that equaled in flavor the ones he once ate while traveling through northern Utah. Most people will agree that no food in the world is more delicious than *dried apples* served with cream and fresh ginger bread. Drying fruit is not a difficult task—the main thing is to protect it from flies and dust. A screened-in porch is a good place, especially if it faces south. Small tables can be put in the sun during the day and brought indoors at night, or drying racks can be arranged at a small expense. The orchards are laden with fruit and a little extra effort *now* will help solve the food problems when winter comes.

French Apple Pie

A request has come in for French Apple Pie with Graham Cracker Crust —here it is.

Crust

2 cups of graham cracker crumbs
½ cup of butter—melted
¼ cup of sugar
2 egg whites

Roll the cracker crumbs as finely as possible, and mix with the butter and the sugar—then fold in the beaten egg whites. Place this mixture in the pie tin, and with the fingers pat it firmly into place on the bottom and along the sides of the tin. Brush lightly with egg white before adding apple sauce. This will prevent soaking.

The Apple Filling

3 cups of unsweetened apple sauce
¾ cup of sugar
1 teaspoon cinnamon
3 egg whites
Pinch of salt

Mix the applesauce, sugar and seasoning together, and just before placing in pie crust fold in the well beaten egg whites. Sprinkle the top with a mixture of grape nuts and brown sugar. Bake in hot oven for 5 minutes, then lower heat and continue baking until done, about 30 minutes.

Watermelon Rind Preserves

Choose a melon that is ripe and sweet and has a deep rind. Remove all red and the outer green skin and cut into strips from 1½ to two inches long.

To 1 gallon of rind use 4 level teaspoons of salt and enough water to cover. Boil until tender enough to pierce with a silver fork. Drain, dry thoroughly with a cloth and place in an earthen jar.

Boil together 1 quart of white wine vinegar and 2 quarts of sugar—add 1 stick of cinnamon and 1 teaspoon of cloves and pour over the rind. Repeat this each morning for several days, or until the rind is transparent. The cloves should be strained out about the third morning as they tend to darken the rind.

The Workmanship of Your Hands

By Glenn J. Beeley

QUESTION: Have you a good recipe for Gesso?

ANSWER: I gill can glue, 1½ cups whiting, 3 teaspoons linseed oil, 3 teaspoons varnish. Place 1¼ cups whiting in the mixing bowl and then pour in slowly the glue, linseed oil and varnish. Mix slowly with a large spoon until the mixture is smooth. The more stirring the better. If it seems oily on the surface, add one more teaspoon of glue, so that the mixture is sticky, and clings readily to the sides of the mixing bowl. The gesso when properly mixed, should be of a consistency which will pile up and remain piled in a scrolled effect. If it is too liquid a form, add whiting until the proper consistency is secured. If the mixture is too thick, it can be thinned with a teaspoon of water.

When not in use, keep gesso in an air-tight jar.

QUESTION: Please give me a list of oil paints good for general use.

ANSWER: Chrome green (medium), chrome yellow, Harrison yellow, Van Dyke brown, mauve, Prussian blue, Flake white, burnt sienna.

QUESTION: Is there anything to put into stencil paint which will make it more fast?

ANSWER: Add a few drops of "Permanent Mixture" to your paint before using. It may be purchased at any paint store, or they will be able to order it for you.

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A Daughter of Martha

[Continued from page 665]

came closer, Gloria heard a sickly, weak cry from the baby. The squaw tried the door, rattled the latch. The young Indian called loudly and pounded upon the door. Gloria stood petrified, knowing that a telltale streak of smoke from the chimney had showed the house was not deserted. The young Indian pointed to it and resumed his poundings. Finally the squaw called "Poor babe—seek." An additional wail proved her assertion and Gloria mastered her fear. Here was not violence but distress. The little black-haired baby writhed with fever. Gloria learned they had fed him pine nuts and squirrel meat—fare for the gods!

SWEET oil, followed by baths of vinegar water soon brought relief, and the amazed parents stood by, while the white girl administered her magic. Late in the afternoon the baby slept tranquilly. Taking the bottle of oil as a future precaution, and all the bread in the house, the Indians departed. The whole train had stoically waited their return. As they left, the squaw petted Gloria's riotous curls and muttered: "Purty—heap purty!"

The spinning was not finished, the cow had to be milked by candle light, but Gloria's act of mercy proved to be bread upon the waters of life.

The next day Margaret Kirkman mixed all their remaining flour into bread, scraping the tin box for the last precious spoonful. Still the boys neither wrote nor returned. "No news is good news," sang Gloria, vainly striving to chase the look of white despair from her mother's face. What difference did it make, whether you were killed with a poisoned *assaigai* or a poisoned arrow?

GLORIA developed a sudden, unexplainable antipathy for bread and milk and butter. She craved greens; dandelions, pig weed and even water cress, grown rank and stringy. Anything that could be flavored with candle grease was just to her taste. But she went outside while her mother ate the last slice of bread and whispered to the stars: "Diamonds by the chicken coop where I was born!" Later after prayers she muttered: "We believe in worshipping Almighty God according—" "Maud Muller on a summer's day—" Fatigue and mountain water and water cress brought blessed sleep.

Morning brought her brothers who were unharmed and who had traveled all night. The whites had conquered the Indians, and the boys were laden with gifts from the grateful settlers. The Indians were subdued. The whites had returned to their homes. Margaret Kirkman made biscuits, bread and cake with white flour. Gloria produced many pairs of socks. The sons laughed at the crooked furrows their women folks had plowed, and at the scant supply of fuel. But their smiles held back tears, and presents furnished diversion from near emotion. There were shoes and two Dolly Varden hats, a pair of beautiful all woolen blankets. But they were as nothing compared to a book—a fifth reader which Gloria avidly consumed ere she slept. And when the cake was cold and the biscuits browned, Gloria's appetite for flour returned, she lost that craving for greens.

"Captain Burton used your copy book for a log, Mother," explained Stephen, "so we couldn't write. 'Twas the only paper in all our camp. It will go to the Governor."

"O, Gloria," Henry was bubbling with eagerness, "we saw your friend Jonas Whitman. That man you saved on the plains." He grinned joyously at the sudden flame which covered Gloria's face. "We stopped at his house. He's a prosperous man. He's got a farm and a store and a saw mill and two little children and a sickly wife. His house has a place what you grow flowers in. A conservatory, they call it. There's a big piano and wax flowers, and a lily pond in his lawn and a room with nothing in it but books. He sent

you that reader we brought." Thanks to this new gift, "Horatio at the Bridge" was soon added to Gloria's store of memorized poems.

THE Kirkman boys were impressed with their father's tales of diamonds. A twenty-two carat diamond where Gloria was born! Diamonds on the Orange River—diamonds at the junction of the Vaal and Orange, diamonds almost for the asking, if you were there.

"Well," argued Thomas laconically, "diamonds ten thousand miles away aren't worth any more to us than twinkling stars. The railroad's coming soon—coming fast. Coming from 'Frisco with Governor Stanford behind it. Coming from Omaha. They're making history, and we can help make it too."

"President Young has a contract for ninety miles of grading. We have horses now. We will make better wages than diamond diggers," added George, who was usually noncommittal. His prediction was soon fulfilled. "On to Echo" became a popular slogan. Construction crews, Mongolian laborers, teamsters, scrapers, engineers and surveyors swarmed like ants about the two rival grades. Margaret Kirkman secured employment cooking for one crew, with Gloria as her helper. Gloria had never dreamed of such lavish supplies. All they needed to cook was theirs. Dried fruits, white flour, cured and fresh meats, butter in great wooden tubs. Margaret Kirkman was a good cook and very shortly men vied for places at her table. Gloria washed dishes, peeled potatoes, set tables, waited on the rough, voracious men. She, too, was helping to make history. She was turning her small cog in the wheel of the great Iron Horse. Every tie, every rail, every spike brought the vision closer. Rails would soon span the whole continent, linking the East and the West. Her dream of travel would be nearer. She smiled now to notice how the stage drivers became less arrogant. Some of them were even seeking employment on the railroad. The yellow dusters and the lemon colored gloves would pass into history along with the beautiful red and green stages. Postage would be cheaper. Perhaps the comfort of the railroad would spur her father's coming. Maybe he would bring diamonds. He had said "await my coming."

THE first of May in sixty-nine found the two rival companies at fever heat. Parallel grades were being laid. The Union Pacific forged down Weber Canyon, while the Central Pacific rounded the Lake. A long stretch of grade was now useless. Ten miles of track were laid in one day. Twenty-five thousand men, ten thousand horses! They swarmed about like hills of disturbed ants. Abuttments; blasting; scraping; gravel; ties; rails. Swearing men. Water boys. Wide-eyed Chinese rushing to cook for them all. Feverish haste, overtime. "Like two giants, hastening to meet on the shores of the Great Dead Sea."

Knowing Gloria's eagerness to go, and as an appreciation of Mrs. Kirkman's many kindnesses, a construction engineer took them to

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Promontory on that eventful May 10th.

Although she later felt the whirl of mighty airplanes, Gloria never experienced another such thrill as that ride to Promontory on a glorious May morning. The swaying, creaking flatcar was like the wings of Perseus. She did not smell the smoke, nor see the cinders which floated backward. The Fort Douglas band played national airs. Governor Stanford was there, wearing a velvet coat. Ladies in wonderful, sweeping silk dresses, carrying fringed parasols; hilarity, speeches, whistles and cheers.

Chinamen laid the last two rails for the Central Pacific.

Europeans laid the last two rails for the Union Pacific.

A SPIKE of gold. Twenty-three double eagles had gone into it! Almost as much as the fortune they thought they had lost on the plains. A silver spike from Nevada, a silver and gold one from Arizona. The last tie was polished laurel wood from California. Governor Stanford removed his velvet coat and drove that last spike. The crowd cheered; telegraph instruments clicked the news to the world; the two engines pushed together; the two engineers broke champagne bottles over the other's headlight. A thousand miles from Missouri; seven hundred from 'Frisco. A little Gloria Kirkman, with her red hair and pug nose was permitted to witness this!

When the speeches were over and the band had gone, Gloria felt a touch on her arm. There behind her stood Jonas Whitman —a little older, a little plumper, but the same courtesy in his voice, the same dreamy, visionary expression in his eyes.

"Crown of Glory," he smiled, "how you have grown. You are a blossom now—no longer a bud. Are you going to marry one of these many surveyors or engineers?"

Gloria blushed, but answered modestly, "I await my father's coming."

"Ah, he may now come in peace and luxury. There will be no horses for the Indians to steal, and he will not need to lie in agony until a little girl finds him."

"O, he is in danger now," replied Gloria quickly. "The Kafirs kill white men whenever they dare."

"Would that my wife could have health like yours!" Jonas Whitman looked long at the radiant and youthful beauty of Gloria Kirkman. "My wife gets weaker each day. Our tiny baby girl is not strong either. Every night I pray the Lord to spare the mother to rear the child."

GLORIA felt a surging wave of sympathy for this sick woman, who could not even care for her baby.

"If you lived closer to us, I could help," she answered. But Jonas Whitman shook his head sadly.

"Only God can help," he answered. "She is slipping away. I have prospered in worldly goods, but I am powerless to save her. But I must not spoil your wonderful day with my troubles. History and beauty have combined to make this day a memorable one." He bowed gallantly, and soon he had again mingled in a group of men. Gloria noticed that they listened attentively whenever he spoke. Undoubtedly he was a leader. "Poor man!" she thought. "I guess he never stirred dandelion greens with a tallow candle. But soon he will have no wife, nor anyone to care for his little girl."

THE next spring Gloria's brothers took her to conference. Margaret Kirkman felt her frail strength unequal to the long ride. She also was failing, so she voluntarily remained at home with a neighbor boy to milk.

The wheat stood four inches high when they left. Looking back at the little valley as they rounded a curve, Gloria noticed how like a beautiful green carpet the fields looked, smooth and slightly waving. A solid mass of green. When they returned four days later she could hardly believe her eyes. She rubbed them and looked again. The wheat fields were gone! Not beaten down by a violent rain; not scorched from a mountain wind; but every blade and shoot of green was as though it had never been. A scourge of grasshoppers had swept over the

valley. They had clouded the sun. They had settled on each field, until no food remained, then rose, and passed on to another. The mill race was filled with their bodies. Margaret Kirkman had caught four sacks of them in the irrigation flume. Children, with rags tied to sticks, shooed them away from the potato plants. Only the pig weeds remained unscathed. No dandelions—no water cress; only *pig weeds* for humans and bunch grass for animals. A horde had settled on the railroad track and had stopped a train.

"It can't be," cried Gloria, "Our beautiful wheat."

"'Tis lucky we have horses," Stephen was always practical. "We can go south and burn charcoal, and send food home."

Gloria thought of the plenteous table she had set before the railroad workers. Of the wife of Jonas Whitman, who no doubt, was too ill to eat the good things he provided; she thought of the diamonds discovered at her birthplace.

"God's purpose is not yet revealed, but we will survive our affliction," Margaret Kirkman's voice held a quality more than earthly. As she spoke she did not glance at the diminishing sack of flour.

THE following winter George went out with a shovel and cleaning some bare ground, dug up a panful of soil. This he thawed out slowly, behind the stove. Then he called the family together—unmistakable signs of grasshopper larvae were all through the soil.

"I guess," he said in his slow methodical manner, "we boys had better go to burn charcoal again."

The siege lasted four years. Gloria was fortunate to have shoes for Sundays and holidays. There were no berries or wild currants. No strawberries in the rank meadows. No blade of wheat was permitted to head or ripen. Even the sunflowers were eaten from the roof of their house; the few precious potatoes they were able to shield had to be hoarded for yeast. Fortunately, there was game and her brothers were able to keep the table fairly well supplied with meats and fish. Whenever Gloria felt rebellion surge, a glance at her mother's peaceful countenance filled her with shame. She longed for the bully beef which they had all loathed when on board ship. Even dried and pressed vegetables would have been as nectar compared to the unchanging menu of pig weeds and bread, made from flour which her brothers hauled two hundred miles.

FROM one of their trips her brothers brought the news of the death of Jonas Whitman's wife. The little baby girl was so weak she could not walk until she was three.

"Well, family," Stephen assumed the role of parent in the absence of the father, "we are having a hard time. I don't like our fare, and Mother weakens under it, I know. But in these past ten years history has been made. These United States have abolished slavery. They have passed a homestead law which makes it possible for the poor man to acquire land. They have laid the Atlantic Cable, so messages can go over the water. And now the railroad has come. It has been a marvelous ten years."

Two years later when the fields were again full of promise, and the Kirkman boys felt they could afford to stay at home to cultivate their farms, Jonas Whitman came seeking the "Crown of Glory."

MARGARET KIRKMAN was failing rapidly. She wanted Gloria safely and wisely married while she was still with her. The two Whitman children needed a mother's care. The tiny Anna, suffering from a physical weakness which threatened to be mental, needed hourly care from loving hands. Jonas Whitman had more than a dirt roof to his home and more than rough boards on his floors. He had a glass-roofed room where he experimented with moss roses, a library with books and books and more books. And his hair was no longer a rich brown, but thinning at the temples. His eyes held the dreamy, far-away expression which belongs to men of vision, but his coat lacked a button.

"I need you, Crown of Glory," he pleaded. More than his words, Gloria noticed his collar had been

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scorched in the ironing. Here she could serve and render a real service to humanity. She would rear his children kindly — she would mother the weak Anna. So, after a week of whirlwind courtship and hasty preparations, Gloria Kirkman became Gloria Whitman. A gray flowered silk with a train, kid gloves that were more beautiful than the stage driver's because they were a delicate gray, a hat with straw flowers to set upon the riotous, red curls! She would no longer be like Maud Muller who raked the hay. But with her change of fortunes she would:

"Feed the hungry and clothe the poor
And all should bless me who left my door."

THERE need be no further scrapings of the flour can; no boiling of tagalder bark for dye, no need to use ravelings for thread.

The day of her marriage another infrequent letter came from John Kirkman in far away Africa:

"A diamond weighing 83 carats has been found on the Orange River. It is called "The Star of South Africa." It sold for 25,000 pounds. They are beginning to dig into the earth. A certain blue soil contains diamonds, as well as river beds. I am joining a party going inland, in Boer trekking wagons. Do not expect me yet. When I come, I will be rich. I will no longer send money, just to be lost. I will bring a large diamond for my little Gloria.

"John Kirkman."

"You are no longer his little Gloria, you are mine!" whispered Jonas Whitman. "Mine to keep, to love, to cherish. Mine, to change my desolate house into a home!"

(*To be continued*)

Largo

[*Continued from page 667*]

rilla received a telegram. With nervous fingers she tore it open.

"Mother," it read. "I am very sick. Could you come. My baby is here."

A hard straight line settled upon Merrilla's lips. "A Mormon," she snorted. "I'd die first! I would rather die." A flush mounted and suffused her face. "A Mormon!"

She paced back and forth fretfully. A strange confusion of emotions were warring in her breast. "Oh, God," she prayed, "What can I do?"

She made an effort to read, but tossed the book aside.

Outside a soft rain was falling. It was cold. A shiver shook her body. Should she go? Could she stoop so low as to—? A thousand pictures began unreeling themselves before her like a cinema. She pressed her hands to her head. A baby—her own darling baby's baby . . . a Mormon. Her finger nails bit deep into the palms of her hands. . . . Sick—with a baby.

BACK and forth she paced like an animal in a cage. It seemed like many hours. She strode to the radio, stubbornly determined to push all thought from her mind. A flip of a switch; a turn of the dial, and — she growled as a man's voice came through the loud speaker. Did they have to give Peace talks on a day like this? She whirled the dial to a National Broadcast. The confusion of sounds scarcely made any impression upon her distracted senses. It was a choir singing. She leaned back in the deep chair and closed her eyes. Like an electric shock every fiber in her body came to life; every sense snapped to alert attention to the music that was coming through. It was *Largo*. Despite the distortion peculiar to the radio she caught a distinctly new spirit in its tones. As the last vibrations of that great masterpiece died away she threw her head into her hands and wept.

"This is being broadcast from the Mormon Tabernacle at Salt Lake City," came the voice of the announcer.

Merrilla stood shakily upon her feet. For the first time in many months she was calm and at peace.

"Jane," she said to the girl who answered her summons, "pack my things. I am going on a trip. Please hurry, for I only have an hour to reach my train."

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